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## THE PROMOTION OF PRINCE NAPOLEON.

THE appointment of Prince NAPOLEON to the Presidency of the Privy Council is a measure of importance which could not fail to command attention on both sides of the Channel. It is explained by the different French papers—as all Imperial revelations are invariably explained—in precise accordance with their respective wishes, hopes, and fears. The mutilation of the liberties of the educated classes has left the Parisian press no other function except that of composing pious and reverential glosses on the Imperial Scriptures. As soon as the Tuileries have spoken, the faithful journalists, who study such messages on their knees, first extol, and then pass on, with less uniform success, to interpret, the sacred and mysterious text. Each ends by finding in the oracle what he chooses and intends to find there; and, regarded from various points of view, the elevation of the EMPEROR'S cousin to so illustrious a post means, as it may be, either ruin to the POPE, or war with Austria, or extended tether to M. GUÉROULT and to his brother penmen. Those who are so anxious to see in the recent promotion the shadow of great movements to come clearly show their misapprehension of the Eastern process by which a wild elephant is harnessed between tame ones. The object of the union is not to make the tame elephants wild, but to make the wild elephant tame. Putting Prince NAPOLEON into official harness may be a forlorn experiment, but it certainly does not convince impartial bystanders that the EMPEROR has made up his mind to be run away with by his own horses. His Royal Highness has already shown unmistakable signs of an indomitable fury and persistence in democratic principles. His daring revolutionary opinions may be set down by the malignant to a deliberate design to attempt again, under the Second Empire, the rôle played with evil fortune by an EGALITÉ under the old Monarchy. It is more probable that they are part and parcel of the man; nor are they so far removed from the ideas expressed in less sunshiny days by the EMPEROR himself. The measure of the difference between the two NAPOLEONS is the exact distance between the Champs Elysées and the Tuileries. The one cousin has become a responsible administrator; the other still remains a somewhat intemperate *doctrinaire*. In placing the PRINCE at the head of a practical and novel department in the public service, the EMPEROR may wish to convince the firebrand of the family that affairs of State require, even under an elective despotism, both prudence and moderation; and he may perhaps entertain a lingering hope of converting an awkward and illustrious agitator into a statesman and a man of business.

The revival of the Imperial Privy Council in a working form is an addition to the *personnel* of the Administration which cannot fail to be advantageous to the nation, and which was, indeed, beginning to be imperatively required. Movement is the theory of the Second Empire; and, in default of foreign agitation, sagacious Frenchmen seem to think it possible that the Imperial Government may really be passing into a second and more peaceful phase of internal activity at home. Energy is a plant which, in the human frame, necessarily decays with age; and even the indefatigable vigour of NAPOLEON III. must soon cease to be equal to the laborious duties which he seems disposed to impose on his Ministers and on his dynasty. Nor can even so cold a fatalist fail to be aware that his own life becomes more precarious as his years advance. Imperialism in France, during the last decade, has certainly grown into a dominant idea with a large portion of the nation; nor do the chances of the NAPOLEONS depend any longer on so frail a tenure as not long ago was the case. But the common sense of a woman, and the youthful promise of a child, are feeble threads on which to hang all the securities of public order and of family fortune in a country so variable as France. Though

Napoleonism will be, for a long time to come, at least an intermittent fever with the French, NAPOLEON III. is right in strengthening the only Executive to which, in case of his own sudden decease, he could confide the perilous interests of his wife and of his immediate successor. Hitherto, the Duke DE MORNAY, by common and tacit consent, has been regarded as the *alter ego* of the EMPEROR, and the semi-natural protector of the Empire's traditions. But to confide to M. DE MORNAY the Presidency of the Council of State, and to place him over the head of Princes of the Blood, would have been virtually to exclude Prince NAPOLEON from any active participation in the labours and the honours of the department. To take such a step would be equivalent to driving a dangerous cousin into determined opposition, by driving him unceremoniously into the shade. It is a far less risk to adopt him into a share of responsibility and power, and to associate him at once with the serious cares and with the real difficulties of State transactions. There will be plenty for the new PRESIDENT to do, without mingling in those matters of politics which concern the peace of Europe, or which excite the sympathies of the revolutionary party on the Continent. There is the question of the Algerian Constitution, a matter of as much importance and as much interest as the government of India would be to English Cabinets and an English House of Commons, if the name of India, and the eloquence of Indian Secretaries of State, sent English senators less invariably to sleep. Public instruction, provincial decentralization, and an organized extension of public enterprises and public works, might each of them occupy the lifetime, and engross the thoughts, of any single French statesman. The consideration, again, of the various petitions which, by a polite fiction of the French Constitution, are supposed to occupy the attention of the Senate, if seriously undertaken, might be a work of equal advantage both to France and to her EMPEROR. A constitutional and free country governs itself, or gets on sufficiently without any government at all. But it is the misfortune of an absolute autocracy that the onus of the initiative is thrown upon it in all public affairs; and if the development in real earnest of the resources of France is to be the business of the Imperial Administration, there is work enough cut out, not merely for the EMPEROR'S Council of State, but for as many supplementary Privy Councils as he can conveniently create.

When the *Journal des Débats* informs its readers that Prince NAPOLEON'S nomination is the triumph of Liberal influences at the Tuileries, or when the equally sanguine *Sicéle* conceives that it is a practical reply to the Encyclical Letter of the Vatican, they gratuitously invent a necessity on the part of the Empire to take a decided step in either direction. Candid observation leads rather to the belief that the demand for the emancipation of the press is not becoming much more formidable to the EMPEROR than it was a couple of years ago. In foreign affairs, a masterly retrogressive movement during the past twelve months has placed him in a position of security and advantage, from which he can afford at present to contemplate with more than ordinary sangfroid the changes of the world. Nor is France being dragged by any fatal current of sympathy or interest into collision with her neighbours. It would, lastly, be attributing too much importance to the POPE'S Encyclical Letter to consider that it demanded a solemn counter-movement on the part of the Empire. It is the object and study of a section of the Paris press to exaggerate, in order ultimately to widen, the gulf that yawns between the Vatican and the Tuileries. But if intolerance or imbecility on the part of the POPE were a valid reason for breaking with the Papacy, NAPOLEON III. would long since have withdrawn his troops from Rome, and bowed out the Papal Nuncio from Paris. In framing his policy and laying his plans, a monarch so cold-blooded and so far-sighted took stock of Rome's little foibles, and did not calculate on finding

many Liberal sentiments or even much diplomatic polish in the bosom of Ultramontanism. If the recent Encyclical produces any emotion at all in the Imperial breast—which may well be doubted—it is not probably any emotion akin to astonishment or indignation. A paternal Government like the EMPEROR's expects an annual amount of religious Billingsgate from a maternal Government like the POPE's. The effect of the manifesto will be, if any, to strengthen the Empire in exact proportion as it divides the Catholic Church in France against itself. The Gallican party, indeed, is daily growing into a formidable power in consequence of these continual indiscretions at Rome; and the French EMPEROR, by the time his eagles leave the banks of the Tiber, will possibly be the refuge and the hope of a large religious body within the bosom of the faith. Without going back to the letters patent of LOUIS XI., or even to the days of PIERRE PITHOU or of BOSSUET, it is evident that Papal manifestoes so sweeping and so intolerant infringe as much upon the Gallican liberties of the French Church as they do upon the dignity of any French Government itself. The Papacy cannot, in an age of modern Liberalism, go on year after year mixing up questions of religion and of politics without creating at last dissensions in its own house; and the fate predicted for Ultramontanism by LAMENNAIS can only be averted if Rome confines itself more carefully within the circle of purely theological ideas. In choosing the present moment to provoke a patriotic controversy among French Catholics, the Vatican seems singularly ignorant of certain significant symptoms to be seen among the French clergy. The grievances which are known to have estranged the present Archbishop of PARIS from the Court of Rome are the more curious since they have been portrayed in fiction, with strange vivacity, by the author of *Le Maudit*. Works of that description and tendency have always, in France, enjoyed a great and almost an unnatural popularity; but, though *Le Maudit* is obviously designed for unbelievers to read, there is sufficient fact at the bottom of the fiction to warrant the pretence that it has been written by a believer. If the Emperor of the FRENCH exhibits his usual patience, he will possibly see before long a section of the Catholic world itself protesting loudly against Ultramontane usurpation and violence. One Continental journal, which rejoices in the title of *Le Bien Public*, not only accepts the Encyclical "with simplicity," but begs "to retract" wholesale anything which it has itself ever "accidentally" published that may be opposed to the teachings of His Holiness. A journal which is so tamely submissive has probably not sinned largely hitherto in the particular direction of impiety; but there are many Catholics, whose orthodoxy is quite as unimpeachable, who are not likely to prove as humble or as hypocritical. Doing honour to Prince NAPOLEON would be, accordingly, a puerile manner of returning a blow which in the nature of things is likely, in any case, to recoil on the ecclesiastical personage who dealt it. It is not necessary for NAPOLEON III., either in self-defence or in retaliation, to rally round him any disbelievers in the immortality of the soul. The knowledge that he has placed at the head of his Privy Council a politician whose children have never been baptized is probably both pleasant and piquant to a sardonic and sceptical mind; but the EMPEROR, though he may divert himself inwardly with the idea, is not likely to have allowed such a consideration to enjoy undue weight in balancing the rival claims of candidates for the office. Upon the whole, it is more likely that the choice of the PRINCE is neither a demonstration against PIO NONO nor a concession to the Liberals of France. It is at most a reinforcement of a somewhat feebly officered Executive, in face of the numerous projects with which the Empire has made up its mind to deal.

#### PRUSSIA AND THE GERMAN DIET.

THE Prussian Minister has given formal notice to the German States that his Government will not allow its policy to be controlled, or even opposed, by the votes of the Diet. The manner and occasion of the announcement are peculiarly significant. Having, in concert with Austria, accepted from Denmark the cession of Holstein, Prussia required the Saxon and Hanoverian troops to withdraw from the Duchy, which they have for the last year occupied as an army of execution. The demand was not in itself unreasonable, though it might have suggested some puzzling questions of Federal law. The Diet ordered the execution in Holstein before the outbreak of the war, while the King of DENMARK was still, though with a disputed title, actual Duke of HOLSTEIN. The Minister of Hesse Darmstadt, in his reply to the Prussian

Circular, argues that, as the Diet had previously suspended the Holstein vote, the measure was rather an occupation than an execution; but a process *in rem* may be adopted even when the ownership is in abeyance or in litigation. The execution would have been carried out even if FREDERICK VII. had survived, for a legal process of distraint is perfectly compatible with the possession of the rightful owner. The Confederacy can scarcely be regarded as a stranger to the subsequent ejection of the Danish dynasty; and, although the rights of the inhabitants are by no means secure from encroachment or usurpation, the special wrongs which had been committed by the former Government must necessarily have ceased. The Federal execution had, accordingly, become inapplicable, and it would undoubtedly have been countermanded by the Diet if the Great Powers had simply proposed the measure in the ordinary form. But it suited the purpose of Prussia to exact a concession which might readily have been obtained. Saxony and Hanover were peremptorily required to recall their troops from a conquered territory, and the argument that Federal execution had become inapplicable was deliberately withheld. The Prussian Minister intimated the inutility of resistance to superior force, and it was only on the intercession of Austria that he consented to allow the Saxon Government to cover its compulsory submission by procuring a formal order of the Diet. It was evidently his determination to avail himself of the opportunity to assert the entire independence of Prussian policy; and, in perfect consistency with his intention, he has taken occasion to reprimand a dissentient minority in the Diet. Saxony might, as he admits with haughty condescension, perhaps have been justified in referring the continuance or abandonment of the execution to the same body by which it was originally authorized; but the smaller States ought to have understood that they were only at liberty to register their assent to a measure which, but for an accidental technicality, would not have been submitted to their approbation. Since an English Chapter attempted to dispute the peremptory efficacy of a *congé d'élire*, conventional privileges have not been more rudely reduced to the condition of fictions. Whatever might be the obligations of Hanover and Saxony, Prussia wishes the German States to understand that her foreign policy, even when it affects portions of the Confederacy, is exclusively that of a great European Power. As the Austrian Government offers no opposition to the pretensions of its ally, the helpless representatives of Confederate equality have only to submit in silence.

If the non-German members of the London Conference were parties to the dispute, they might ask, with some cogency of argument, why it was indispensably necessary that the Diet, through its Minister, should discuss the terms of proposed arrangement with Denmark. England, and France, and Russia were kept waiting for Baron BEUST in his capacity of plenipotentiary from a Diet which is now summarily checked when it offers a support less than unanimous to the decisions of Prussia. It was then impossible to satisfy the exigency of national feeling by dividing Schleswig on the frontier line of the rival races and languages; and now the minority in the Diet is asked, with a humorous insolence, how it appears that CHRISTIAN IX. was not, after all, the legitimate sovereign of Holstein. It is intended that his title shall be so far valid as to support the conveyance of his rights which he has unwillingly made; and the dissentients were ill-advised in their contention that, because the King of DENMARK was, according to the German view, a usurper, his ownership was not even good enough to be ousted by force. The controversy, however, in no degree depends on its legal or dialectic merits. As the Bavarian Foreign Minister observes, it has not been usual to discuss Federal votes after they have been given, and indeed it is of the essence of a deliberative body that the minority should at the same time be concluded by an adverse decision, and exempted from all censure founded on their dissent. The Prussian despatch purports not to introduce any new mode of transacting Confederate business, but to deny the competence of the Diet in great political affairs. The remonstrance of Bavaria must necessarily have been anticipated, and it is virtually disregarded. The weaker members of the Confederacy may perhaps now suspect that they committed an error in outvoting the two great Powers before the declaration of war with Denmark. It was rash to furnish Austria with a reason or a pretext for relinquishing her traditional protectorate of the minor States against the power of Prussia. Bavaria and Saxony probably hoped that the termination of the war, and the resignation of Count RECHBERG, would have re-established the old antagonistic equilibrium; but Count MENSDOERFF has hitherto professed to cultivate a cordial under-

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standing with Prussia, nor would any sacrifice be deemed too great if it would purchase a Prussian guarantee for the non-German possessions of Austria. Against the ambition of one of the two great Powers, supported by the passive acquiescence of the other, the minor States are powerless; for a French alliance, though it might afford them external support, would endanger the allegiance of their subjects, and would enable Prussia to appear as the representative of German patriotism.

The original Act of Federation, like similar instruments in general, was the result of long negotiations and the expression of a compromise. The German people, with a fresh recollection of the evils of foreign domination, were eager to secure themselves against the repetition of the evil by the establishment of the closest unity of which circumstances would admit. The princes, on the other hand, having for the most part been willing vassals of NAPOLEON, wished to combine security against future conquest with the maintenance of their own authority within their respective dominions. It would have been impossible to induce Prussia or Austria to relinquish the right of separate action in their European character; and the Act is silent on the relation of the Confederacy to foreign Powers, except for defensive purposes. By the 10th Article, every member of the Confederation engages to aid all Germany and each separate member of the League against attack, and the States reciprocally guarantee to each other the whole of their possessions included in the Confederation. The agreement has sufficed for fifty years to deter all foreign Powers from attempts to encroach on German territory. In 1848, CHARLES ALBERT was unable to profit by his naval superiority to blockade the German port of Trieste, and in 1859 the Emperor of the FRENCH was hampered by the knowledge that the violation of the frontier of German Tyrol would reinforce Austria with the contingents of the whole Confederacy. No special provision was made for an attack by one member of the League on the territory of another, and the conquest of the German duchy of Holstein by Austria and Prussia seems to be an omitted case. A reference to the precedents of the Empire, for which the Federation is a substitute, would not be advantageous to the Bavarian claim. From the accession of FREDERICK the GREAT, Prussia deferred to the Imperial authority only as the Vizier of Oude or the Mahratta chiefs might, a hundred years ago, have consulted the wishes of the GREAT MOGUL. Bavaria had, at an earlier period, habitually allied herself with France against Austria, and all the more powerful princes of the Empire were constantly in the habit of claiming, under various colours of descent or of contract, portions of the neighbouring territories.

The sudden rise of Prussia to importance furnishes a superfluous illustration of the obvious truth that superior pugnacity is, among Powers of nearly equal strength, a primary condition of influence. What Prussia is under BISMARCK, Austria was fourteen or fifteen years ago during the brief Ministerial reign of SCHWARTZENBERG. The Emperor NICHOLAS preponderated over the policy of the Continent because he was supposed to be always ready for war; and the Emperor NAPOLEON has succeeded by similar methods to the same formidable position. Englishmen in the present day do not wish to fight, especially when neither their honour nor their interest is at stake; and reasonable men accept the natural consequences of a disposition which is not in itself either contemptible or wicked. Experience will show whether the dangers of a peaceable policy extend beyond the more or less patient endurance of foreign vituperation. If no positive mischief arises from the frantic violence of American abuse, it will be comparatively easy to tolerate the sneers and reproaches which for the time constitute the staple of Prussian wit and eloquence. There is even a certain fairness of retribution in the repeated assertion that England has become a second-rate Power, because inconsiderate English declaimers said precisely the same of Prussia before and after the Crimean war. Graver politicians—in Europe at least, for no general proposition can safely be applied to America—know perfectly well that the strength of a country depends chiefly on its material resources, and that England is wealthier, more populous, and more united than in the periods when English interference most largely affected the policy of the world. In the meantime, it is true that neighbouring States are more afraid of Governments which are prepared at a moment's notice to fight for an idea, which is the modern term for an increase of territory acquired by war. According to a pamphlet which is attributed to the Prussian Minister himself, his Government has borrowed the formula or the policy from France. The people of the United States have a similar idea about Canada, and their vanity blinds them to

the certainty that, with or without an idea, England will resist aggression with the whole force of the nation. MR. BRIGGS, who lately congratulated a meeting at Birmingham on the peaceable state of Europe, will probably not be disturbed in his convictions by the notice which Prussia has given, that disputes for which the Confederacy might have provided a legal solution are henceforth to be exclusively settled by force.

#### MR. CARDWELL'S CANADIAN DESPATCH.

NO English statesman could, if he would, disguise from his mind the extreme significance of the projected union of our North American Colonies. In place of five or six provinces, England will in future have to maintain relations with a colonial nation; and we believe Mr. CARDWELL has rightly judged that the change, so far from accelerating the often predicted severance of the Colonies from the Mother-country, will tend, as its promoters evidently desire that it should, to the permanence of the British connexion. It will be something to have the chances of dispute limited to one body instead of several, and it will be a much greater gain to have to deal with a nation conscious of its responsibilities and ashamed to neglect them. Without making any idle attempt to forecast the remote future, one may see in the great enterprise of the statesmen of British North America the elements of union rather than of disruption. The anxiety which they have manifested to proclaim their loyalty to the Crown, and their appreciation of the advantages of union with the most powerful of maritime nations, is no empty and insincere manifestation, but the expression of what is, for the present at any rate, the genuine sentiment of the North American colonists. There was a time when the French party broke out into rebellion, and the ill-blood was appeased by a partial union. Yet later, there prevailed among a section of the British colonists a vague desire to link their destinies with the United States; but both of these dreams have long since vanished, and for years past the suggestion of having once favoured the annexationists has been the taunt which a Canadian felt more deeply than any other slur upon his honour or his wisdom. The theory recently broached by the American Correspondent of the *Times*, that Canadian loyalty dates only from the outbreak of the civil war, and that the dread of Federal taxation and conscription has transformed the colonists from eager admirers of the North into earnest sympathizers with the Confederate States, is an entire delusion, which has been warmly resented by the organs of the most powerful party in Canada. The truth undoubtedly is, that loyalty as a mere sentiment is as real across the Atlantic as it is in our own island, while the feeling is strongly reinforced by a sense of the extreme convenience of having the protection of an English fleet, and the co-operation of an English army, in any of the emergencies which arise so rapidly on American soil. The almost laboured energy with which Mr. CARDWELL congratulates the Colonies on this state of feeling is based on something more solid than the desire to supply the proper amount of conventional flattery.

Although the Government despatch has only now reached us after twice crossing the Atlantic, it has been patent throughout that the Union movement has had the hearty co-operation of the Ministry at home, and no one can doubt that it will be met in the same spirit by the Houses of Parliament. The discussion of an Imperial Bill to revolutionize the Constitution of our Transatlantic dependencies will not the less be a matter of some delicacy. It is only on the invitation of the Colonies themselves that our Legislature could resume the functions which were practically abdicated when self-government was conceded to the North American Provinces, and this consideration will, we hope, induce both the Government and the members of the Opposition to refrain from too eager a dissection of the measure that England is asked to sanction. It is impossible that any new Constitution should exactly square with the ideas of every ingenious member of the Legislature, and it would be an unfortunate mistake to treat the project as a measure introduced by the Government for the purpose of affording opportunities for party controversy. Canada and Nova Scotia are not to have their destinies wrangled over in detail, as those of Hindoos and Parsees were during the debates on the Bill which vested the Government of India in the Crown. The part of England in this transaction is, first, to ascertain how far the broad scheme is compatible with Imperial policy—a question which may be assumed to be already solved; and, secondly, to lend her aid in putting the project into the shape of an effective Act of Parliament substantially as it comes from the hands of the Colonial Legislatures. Modifications may with propriety be

introduced in concert with the delegates who may represent the Colonies, for the purpose, if necessary, of guarding the prerogative, and with the more practical object of adding to the precision of the proposed Constitution; but it would be an abuse of the legislative authority of this country materially to depart from those provisions the previous acceptance of which by the different Colonies is the sole occasion of our interposing at all. Mr. CARDWELL's despatch, though it suggests some alterations in the scheme drawn up by the Colonial delegates, does not appear to be intended in any way to violate what we take to be the fundamental conditions under which Parliament must approach the subject. It is open to us either to accept or reject the proposal, but it is not our function to tinker the fundamental pact which has been negotiated between the Colonies in any such way as to change the spirit of the document.

The three points on which Mr. CARDWELL suggests the propriety of reconsideration are by no means of equal importance. The concession, within certain limits, of a power of pardon to Lieutenant-Governors not appointed directly by the Crown would no doubt be a theoretical invasion of the prerogative, and a Minister would not be exceeding his functions in insisting, as a condition of Imperial sanction, that the rights of the Sovereign in this respect should be preserved intact. But the brightest jewel in the Crown is the least desirable of all its prerogatives. At home, it only means, in practice, the right of Sir GEORGE GREY to reverse solemn decisions on the faith of random gossip, or in deference to popular clamour; and we are by no means sure that the embarrassing privilege might not be as well lodged in Deputy-Governors, in respect of all minor offences, as in the Governor who is vicariously clothed with sovereign attributes. This, however, is not a point on which any serious difference is likely to arise.

The constitution of the Upper House of the Federal Parliament may have much more practical importance; but, at the same time, the objection which Mr. CARDWELL suggests is, from its nature, one which could only be thrown out for the consideration of the Colonies. If the people agree to give the Crown the nomination of Senators for life, it is not for this country to reject the offer in favour of an Elective Council, if the change would be distasteful to those immediately interested. The project, it must always be remembered, is a compromise between provinces with interests and feelings by no means identical; and it might be dangerous for an English Minister to disturb the balance, even by an alteration which was a manifest improvement on the scheme. Still the subject is unquestionably one to which it is not improper to invite the consideration of the colonists, though it is not quite clear that any substitute could be found more satisfactory than the Council which Mr. CARDWELL seems to disapprove. His dread of a collision between the two Houses is, we believe, chimerical. It is true the life-peers of Canada will not be guided by that traditional sense of their position which makes our House of Lords at once so conservative and so pliant; but, on the other hand, it will differ less in its constitution from the more popular assembly. Class feeling has always yielded in this country to nobler, or at least more sagacious, principles of action. The House of Lords gave up its rotten boroughs, though not without a struggle, and as it increased in political wisdom it gave up Protection with a graceful alacrity. The same sort of wisdom could not perhaps be expected from a new Colonial Senate, but then it would never be tried by the same temptation. The nominee Senate would in no sense represent a class, but would be composed of men of the same stamp, and with the same interests, as the mass of the Lower House—almost as much so perhaps as if its dignity were sacrificed to the supposed necessity of renewing its inspiration by periodical re-election. The working of either plan can be so little predicted with certainty that, if the colonists are really bent on enjoying the honours of a Council endowed with aristocratic permanence, there is no sufficient reason why England should thwart them, nor do we imagine that Mr. CARDWELL contemplates any change in the project that would be unacceptable to the Provincial Legislatures.

The only remaining subject specially noticed in the despatch is in itself of the gravest importance, and might indeed endanger the whole scheme if there were not every reason to believe that the doctrines enunciated by the Colonial Minister are precisely those which the statesmen of Canada intended to embody in their Report. The example of the United States has impressed Canadians, no less than Englishmen, with the utter futility of any Federation which leaves a debateable ground for conflict between the rights of the central Government and those of the

component States. In case of difference, one must be supreme, and all the leading delegates at Quebec were (if their public speeches afford any criterion) of one mind upon this essential point. The ultimate sovereignty was to rest, not, according to the American theory, in the component States, but in the Federal Government. And the heads of agreement on which our legislation must base itself are quite as clear on this point as could fairly be expected in what does not purport to be more than a provisional document. A long list of matters of common concern is given, all of which, together with everything else of a general nature, are reserved for the Federal Government. Then a number of local subjects, together with all matters of a local nature not particularly specified, are set down as within the exclusive competency of the several provinces. If it were possible to make these categories at once exhaustive and not inconsistent, the whole problem would be solved, but this would be beyond the power of language or of foresight. To meet the case of contingencies not expressly provided for, a sweeping provision is added, that in every case of concurrent jurisdiction the laws of the general are to supersede those of the local Legislatures. It is true that even this language does not critically cover the whole ground, and that, in passing the Act of Parliament which will be the charter of British North America, some care will be needed to attain the requisite precision; but the spirit of the scheme is obviously to make the central Legislature the depositary of all power which is not expressly reserved for local action, and we believe that there need be no apprehension, on this vital question, of any difference of opinion between the Imperial and Provincial Parliaments. The co-operation of delegates from the several Provinces in framing the Act is properly invited, and will no doubt be given; and, if we may judge from the sense and moderation displayed by the Colonial statesmen in settling knotty questions of principle among themselves, there will not be much difficulty in adjusting matters of form and detail in concert with the Home Government. Already the spirit of the embryo nation is manifesting itself in the alacrity with which Volunteers are pressing to the frontier, with the immediate duty, it is true, of preserving the peace, but not, we may be sure, without the resolution to prepare for war. Warlike ardour, indeed, has never been wanting on the Canadian borders, and the official parsimony which has sometimes checked it will not outlive the creation of the most formidable nation that ever rejoiced to call itself a colony.

#### PREPARING FOR THE ELECTIONS.

MR. AYRTON, who has lately addressed his constituents on things in general, is rather a clever and well-informed man, and although his frequent speeches excite a little alarm in the House of Commons, he may probably be in some respects a useful member. The Constitution would never have endured, or expanded, if it had involved the assumption that the House of Commons was to be exclusively composed of practical or philosophical statesmen. If an assembly of such a character could have been collected, it would have furnished no approximate representation of the people. Under the actual system, a few debaters and administrators of great ability and experience are followed, criticized, and checked by a multitude of members who vary in capacity and acquirements even more widely than they differ in political opinion. There is room in the House for Sir GEORGE BOWYER and Mr. NEWDEGATE, and there is also room for Mr. AYRTON, who, instead of Protestantism or Popery, selects as his special department the cultivation of commonplace. By emphasis and reiteration, he almost gives an air of novelty to propositions which are generally remote from originality, and sometimes from truth. His constituents would have been justified in complaining of the dullness of their member if he had merely told them that Parliament has not abolished Church-rates, and that Lord PALMERSTON had, according to the received phrase, disposed of the question in a "jaunty" manner. But they were probably interested and somewhat puzzled by the manner in which Sir J. TRELAWNY's Bill was introduced into Mr. AYRTON's speech. He informed them that, if they compared the Church of England with the Church of Rome in France or Spain, in its relation to the working people, they would be astonished at its inefficiency. "What had been done in the last Session to make the Church truly 'efficient for the people?'" Indignant echo answers that Church-rates have not been abolished, though the previous argument would rather have suggested the complaint that Dissent had not been made, as in Spain, a highly penal

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misdeemeanour. Whatever may be the reasons for the abolition of Church-rates, it is not easy to understand how any measure of the kind could increase the efficiency of the Church among the working people who pay no Church-rates. Addressing a constituency which has already attained the uniform character and level which zealous Reformers hope to render universal, Mr. AYRTON naturally urged the expediency of requiring from every candidate a distinct expression of opinion in favour of Reform. There is no danger that such a pledge will be either withheld or rejected at any Tower Hamlets election. It would have been discourteous to remind the meeting that the narrow monotony of metropolitan politics has furnished the opponents of Reform with one of their strongest arguments. The voters who represent a population of three millions tolerate no independence or variety of thought, and they practically disfranchise all the wealthy and educated portion of the richest community in the world. A House of Commons returned by similar constituencies in all parts of the kingdom would not command the confidence of thoughtful politicians. It is true that a county member might make assertions as extravagant as Mr. AYRTON's statement that the expenditure of life and money in the Crimea was far greater than in America, but two conflicting kinds of nonsense are safer than one. In the House of Commons as it is now constituted, every form of fallacy is likely to meet with ready exposure and contradiction.

Mr. FORSTER has once more advocated Parliamentary Reform at Bradford, and he has at the same time discussed the transactions of the last Session, and the prospects of the next. His well-known opinions were fully and ably expounded, but the Schleswig-Holstein debate and division have long since been exhausted. There is a general consent of opinion in favour of peace, and yet it is impossible to determine the contingencies in which intervention may be expedient or necessary. Mr. FORSTER's friend who adhered to the old doctrine of CHATHAM, that not a gun ought to be fired in Europe without the permission of England, might have argued in support of his pretension that, if it could be established, it would ensure the peace of the Continent. It is but fair to admit that Mr. FORSTER recommends a policy of isolation on grounds of duty as well as of convenience. It would be pleasant to share his conviction that the cheapest and easiest policy is also the best. For the present, there is happily, in Europe, no practical subject of controversy. Englishmen may, if they choose, turn from non-existent dynastic and national quarrels to their own Colonies, where it is asked "if there was ever such a task given to any nation as is given to us." The nation may undoubtedly signify, through Mr. CARDWELL, its cordial approval of the projected Canadian Federation; but the more practical task which demands the energies of statesmen is not easy to define. The Colonies have assumed the management of their own affairs, and they resent the rare interference of the Imperial Government with a vigour and a candour of expression which compares not disadvantageously with the language of American diplomacy. The malcontent inhabitants of Victoria lately consigned a shipload of notorious criminals to England. The settlers of New Zealand are incessantly squabbling with the representative of the Crown. On the whole, it seems that all that can be done with the Colonies is to let them alone, and to notice as little as possible the fierce threats of secession which are always provoked by the slightest resistance to their wishes. Longer experience of local independence will perhaps diminish their jealousy of the Mother-country, and the knowledge that separation depends on themselves will perhaps tend to postpone the dissolution of the bond.

Mr. FORSTER's cheerful and sanguine disposition enables him to hope, not only for colonial loyalty and amity, but for a cordial and permanent alliance with the United States. He has persuaded himself that the unfriendly feelings of former years have been caused by the existence of slavery, nor has his belief been shaken by the unanimous hatred of England which has found incessant utterance in the Free States since the Republican party have enjoyed undisputed supremacy. It is too much to say that the people of Bradford, or the supporters of the Federal cause, have done anything to prevent the Government or the nation from "helping an English" people to establish a commonwealth on the principles of "slavery." Those who resented the overbearing language of the North were as determined as Mr. FORSTER himself to abstain from interference in the war, except in resistance to possible aggression. In calmer times they will probably be thought to have understood better than the partisans of the North the real meaning of neutrality, and the true spirit of respect for foreign nations. A month

before the war, almost every Republican leader, and the whole mass of the Democratic party, believed and asserted that it would be both impracticable and wrong to prevent secession by force. For nearly two years afterwards, the PRESIDENT and the great body of his adherents protested against the imputation that they were fighting for the abolition of slavery, or for any purpose but the restoration of the Union. Since Mr. LINCOLN's re-election, the principal organ of the Government at New York has repeatedly contradicted the statement that emancipation is an indispensable condition of peace. The obstinate maintenance, by English sympathizers, of the Anti-slavery theory still causes irritation and annoyance in the United States. The national idiosyncrasy is most curiously and characteristically represented by the extreme Abolitionists, who, even before the war, were conspicuous among many rivals for their dislike to England. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS in his last speech complained of Mr. COBDEN, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. FORSTER himself, on the ground of their presuming to interfere in American affairs even by the expression of unqualified sympathy. A few years ago, the Democrats always averred that English dislike of slavery arose exclusively from a desire to injure the United States. Those who regard Emancipation as more sacred than Union are now condemned as heretics by the dominant party.

Having lately spoken at length on Parliamentary Reform, Mr. FORSTER could only repeat his former profession of faith in Mr. GLADSTONE, and his opinion that the working classes, who combine for all other purposes, will display all the diversity of judgment and feeling which indicate individual independence when they are admitted to the franchise. It is highly judicious to compliment a wavering ally by disclaiming all doubt in the certainty of his adhesion. If Mr. GLADSTONE is systematically assured that he is the destined reformer of the House of Commons, he may not improbably learn to believe in his vocation. It is six years since he proclaimed his admiration of small boroughs, while it is only six or eight months since he declared that every man had a *primâ facie* right to a vote. His subsequent explanation, that the exceptions are more important than the rule, may probably in its turn be retracted. Mr. FORSTER is perfectly right in believing as far and as long as he can. His own opinion entirely agrees with the statement that the burden of disfranchisement lies on the objector; yet he alleges that Mr. BAINES's comparatively moderate Bill is the only measure at present under discussion. Timid persons, who are not prepared to prove the unfitness of all those who would be excluded even under a 6*l.* franchise, may venture to inquire whether universal suffrage is not a natural consequence of Mr. GLADSTONE's doctrine.

#### FRENCH BUDGETS.

M. FOULD has presented a little bouquet of beautifully tinted Budgets to his Imperial master. With us, a single financial statement is generally thought quite enough to be digested at a sitting, but in France they do things differently, and any exposition which did not range backwards and forwards over three or four years would be considered quite unscientific and inadequate. Therefore it is that the Minister comes forward on this occasion with half a dozen Budgets at least, deliciously perfumed to the Imperial taste. There are the Budgets, Ordinary and Extraordinary, of 1863 and 1864; there is the "budget rectificatif" of 1865; and in the distance loom both the Ordinary and the Extraordinary Budgets for 1866.

As on former occasions, the prosperity of these different years is developed in regular succession. There is something good to be said of each, but the symptoms become continually more and more favourable as we advance from the definitely ascertained and irrevocable past to the possible and uncertain future. The form of these New Year statements is becoming very regular. Past deficits are found not to be so heavy as they might have been; current revenue is expected nearly or quite to balance expenses; and the year after next is to be the commencement of an era of unbounded financial prosperity. Accordingly, the results of the year 1863, now finally determined, are pronounced to be less disagreeable than the Minister had feared. The deficit of the year is put at little more than a million, instead of nearly double that amount; and even the formidable floating debt at the close of 1863 is calculated at only 38,400,000*l.*, being half a million less than had been previously expected, and just a million and a half below its amount when M. FOULD commenced his career of economical reform. The accounts for 1864 are not yet completely made out, and there is, consequently, some

room for the play of a hopeful imagination. It seems that there will be a loss on the year of 2,000,000*l.* occasioned by the postponement of the time of payment of the sugar duties. Then another item of extraordinary revenue, which is also valued at about 2,000,000*l.*, consists of Mexican bonds which cannot be realized. The usual increase in the Customs' revenue has not occurred during the past year, and tobacco, and stamps, and some other items, only just suffice to fill up the gap left by the loss of import duties. Upon the whole, 4,000,000*l.* of expected income is not available, for the present at any rate, and the revenue has otherwise remained stationary. The actual expenditure is not expected to exceed that which, in one shape or another, has already been sanctioned, unless the Algerian insurrection should call for some further funds; and as M. FOULD chooses to call his uncollected sugar duties, and his unmarketable Mexican securities, assets of the year, he has the satisfaction of announcing that his Budget will balance, or nearly so. Stated in English fashion, the result would be that there is an ascertained deficit of 4,000,000*l.* at least, some part of which may or may not be recovered in future years, when it will no doubt again figure among the resources of the Extraordinary Budget.

The past year having been thus pleasantly disposed of, M. FOULD has even more cheerful things to say of 1865. Already the Budget for that year has been not only produced, but corrected by a rectified Budget, which added a balance of more than 3,000,000*l.* to the wrong side of the account. M. FOULD has now the satisfaction of rectifying his rectification by stating that, in consequence of the severe economy of the State, the addition to be made will be less than 2,000,000*l.* This happy improvement is due partly to the expected growth of the revenue beyond former calculations, and partly to another batch of Mexican bonds expected to arrive, which will be duly credited to the year, in the hope of conversion into cash when a favourable opportunity offers; and these additions to the credit side will, it is said, leave an actual surplus of 700,000*l.* to be carried to the following year. Thus, with the accounts of 1864 nominally balanced, and a surplus promised for 1865, the Minister passes on gracefully to the at present visionary figures of 1866. Of course the supposed surplus of the former year is reckoned as an asset of its successor, and with its aid the prospective Budget balances, as at present arranged, with some trifling surplus. This, it must be observed, is the Ordinary Budget only, which always does balance, for the simple reason that any excess in soldiers, or ships, or palaces is invariably carried over to the Extraordinary Budget. Notwithstanding this ingenious arrangement, by which the possibility of an "ordinary" deficit is averted, it always seems to afford great satisfaction to the French public to be told that the ordinary expenditure is exactly covered by the ordinary income. The Extraordinary Budget is not quite in so good a case. It can only count on the resources which have been left out of the ordinary account. For 1866 there is nothing to show but the hoped-for surplus from 1865, the indemnities from Mexico, China, and Cochin-China, and a fancy sum of 3,600,000*l.* drawn from the imaginary sinking-fund. It seems that M. FOULD has at last resolved to get rid, for the future, of the fictitious entries under this head, which, as he justly observes, serve no purpose but to increase both expenditure and revenue by equal nominal amounts. Even an honest sinking-fund is absurd enough when there is no surplus to feed it; but a sinking-fund that never sinks a franc, and serves only to figure, here as outlay and there as income, according to convenience, is something worse than absurd, and it is creditable to M. FOULD that he has made up his mind to have done with the juggle which has been so often used for the purpose of making French Budgets pleasant. But for one circumstance, the French Minister would have, upon the whole, a rather cheerful account to render. To adopt his own summary, the year 1863 will leave a deficit less by half a million than had been expected; the accounts of the year 1864 will probably about balance; 1865 will see reductions of military expenditure, and will give a real surplus of 700,000*l.*; and the additions made on the rectification of the Budget for 1865 will continually diminish, and ultimately disappear. Hence, concludes the Minister, will arise considerable resources, the employment of which will be for future consideration.

We have said there is one fact (which M. FOULD, it must be owned, does not attempt to conceal) which jars a little with this pleasant narrative. On the 1st of January, 1865, France owed 5,300,000*l.* more than on the 1st of January, 1863, notwithstanding all the intervening prosperity, and some not inconsiderable repayments in the interval. The floating debt, it is

true, is now reduced to 32,000,000*l.*; but, on the other hand, the funded debt has been increased by 12,000,000*l.*, the amount of the loan contracted in the course of the year. In justice to M. FOULD, it must not be supposed that his figures are either inconsistent or inaccurate; for he fully explains the increase of debt with a surplus revenue by showing that the surplus consists of unmarketable bonds, uncollected taxes, and other matters not usually treated as cash, and by no means so serviceable for ordinary use. When doubts were felt, some years ago, of the alleged improvement in the financial position of India, Mr. LAING used triumphantly to point to his constantly increasing cash balances as much better evidence of progress than any figures. In the same way, the constantly growing debt of the French Empire affords a more intelligible measure of its situation than all the ingenious arguments by which M. FOULD endeavours to escape from acknowledging an annual deficit. It is true, nevertheless, that an addition of only about 5,000,000*l.* to the debt in the course of two years is a vast improvement on the former practice of the Imperial Cabinet; and while this is obviously traceable to more pacific dispositions, or at any rate to less warlike action, it may indirectly be in some measure due to the influence of so genuine a friend of economy as the present MINISTER OF FINANCE. In course of time he may perhaps so far convert his master as to induce him to be content without exceeding the ample revenue which France pours into his lap; and though the Ministerial Report is a little premature in hailing the actual arrival of this happy period, it may not be injudicious to make prophecies, in the hope that, by some means, they may tend to secure their own fulfilment.

#### WEW-LAMBS.

THE Church of Rome might be a very powerful institution in England, if there were no such creatures in the world as young women. All the other elements of our society she seems to know how to deal with. She can preach movingly to the mob; she works the writings of the neological school with great effect upon the pious members of the educated classes; she can carry her wares to the best market among politicians. She rarely, in this country, commits any formidable blunder, except when she has to deal with young women. But all her self-restraint, all her prudential maxims, forsake her in presence of this dangerous fascination. She is perpetually re-enacting the temptation of St. ANTONY, only with a less auspicious conclusion. The mere sight of a susceptible female anywhere between fifteen and five-and-twenty is quite enough to make her plunge right down upon all the moral corns of the Anglo-Saxon father of the family, with a vigour which that estimable but slow-witted personage is not in a hurry to forget. Nothing angers an average Englishman so much as any interference with his woman-kind. It is touching his rights of property in their tenderest point. He is not theological, and does not care much what doctrines they hold. If they privately professed the whole creed of Pope PIUS, it would not afflict him seriously so long as they had found it out for themselves. But the idea of any one of his daughters going to confession, and telling a priest, whom he designates by a long string of unrepresentable adjectives and participles, all his family secrets, brings him up to red heat in a moment. If one of them is induced by the same unauthorized agency to leave her home, in order to become a sister of mercy, or a nun, or any other eccentricity of that kind, he becomes absolutely frantic; for, as he remarks severely, reflecting upon the deserted tea-urn and the abandoned crochet-work, have they not plenty of duties at home? Unfortunately, it happens that the mania of the average priest upon this subject is quite as violent as that of the average *paterfamilias*, only in exactly the opposite direction. The shepherds of the flock have a taste for ewe-lambs unknown to the bucolic functionary to whom they compare themselves. They will probably reply that we are profane journalists, and that praise is perfected out of the mouths of babes. But then the puzzle to unsophisticated minds is that the babes are generally female babes. There seems to be nothing which can be technically called immoral in the taste which is indulged by the ministers of all enthusiastic communities, and especially by priests, for the manipulation of the young female mind. But there appears to be a curious passion for counterfeiting the external circumstances of impropriety as closely as may be. The first message which religious teachers of this kind have to convey to a young woman is that she should convert her parents. When she fails in that task, as she ordinarily does, the next point in her spiritual discipline is to

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make her do something or other which would be profoundly distasteful to her parents if they knew it, but which is concealed under the veil of the most studied secrecy. Most of the arts which may be learned by a diligent reader of divorce cases will also be familiar to any one who shall study that mystery of mysteries, the way of a priest with a maiden. After all, this is a phenomenon which the optimist may look upon as a beautiful instance of providential compensation. The piquancy of most irregular love-affairs seems to be that they involve taking somebody in; and it is a pleasing thought that the priest too may, with perfect purity, enjoy this exciting pleasure as keenly as the coarser layman.

The curious case at Brompton which has recently exercised the judicial acumen of Mr. SELFE and his wife is a remarkable instance of the dexterity with which a priest can contrive to wound the ordinary English prejudice upon these points, even when it is perfectly unnecessary for his purpose to do so. It is quite clear that the girl was legally entitled to leave her mother if she liked, and go and stay in an institution instead; and it seems to be equally clear that she did like. The facts of the case were simple. The girl was acting of her own free will, and all that her clerical young friend had to do was to take care that there was no mistake about the fact. For his own protection, and that of his order, he should have refused to give her any help unless she was perfectly open and outspoken with her mother; and we say this, whatever the character of that mother may be, and even if it be all that is alleged by Father DALGAIRNS in his published letter to Mr. SELFE. The girl had a right to go, and she wished to go. It is difficult to understand, under these circumstances, for what possible motive the whole melodramatic apparatus of an elopement, a secret hiding-place, a priestly confidant, and so forth, was brought upon the stage. It was a mere luxury of mystification. It could be compared to nothing but a bride and bridegroom preferring to drive off to Gretna, when their friends were waiting at St. George's to see them married. It was superfluous to go through all these forms when nothing was really required but to call a cab and go. More could not have been done if it had been an heiress of rank who was to be made a nun against her will. The good Fathers of the Oratory ought to be more economical of their clandestine machinery. Of course they are prepared to go through a very considerable amount of scandal in the process of forcing their faith upon the pliable daughters of a stiff-necked generation, and not to mind it when it comes. But they will meet with it in quite sufficient abundance in the ordinary course of their duties. It was quite unnecessary to set all the parental hearts of Kensington blaspheming, merely because a girl of the Fathers' own faith was taking a journey which she had a perfect right to take. Of course it may be that, when real occasions for this kind of strategy happen to be rare, the Fathers may find it necessary to make one in order to keep their hands in; and it is possible, therefore, that the McDermot case was only a sort of field-day—what a sham fight is to the Volunteers, or a pretended alarm to the Fire Brigade. If so, as a matter of prudence, it would be wise to do their practising in Belgium, where the people are accustomed to the kind of thing.

If, however, the Fathers like scandals of this sort, the public have no right to complain. Newspaper readers have benefited by the enjoyment of a liberal quantity of gossip, issued at a time, too, when the Divorce Court was closed, and the supply was getting rather short. It may be looked upon, moreover, as gossip gratis, which of course gives it an extra relish; for as nobody had committed any breach of the law, there was no reason why this interesting chapter of family history should have made its appearance in the police report at all. The story has the advantage, too, which it is the highest art of a writer to give to a tale of fiction, that it suggests a great deal more than it tells. It is well shot with innuendoes from beginning to end. Mr. SELFE knows more about the daughter than he likes to tell the mother, and Father BOWDEN speaks mysteriously (more mysteriously, by the way, than his colleague, Father DALGAIRNS) about the mother's past character, as though he could tell a great deal if he chose. Every one may fill in the details of this dark, undeveloped background with as many harrowing incidents as his imagination can suggest. Contrast, however, is necessary to effective composition, and this picture of the domestic manners of the nineteenth century has its lights as well as its shadows. The central figure of Mr. SELFE stands out all the brighter for the relief into which it is thrown by the suspicions which have been cast upon the other personages in the story. In his conscious but cautious chastity he may be said to have reproduced the self-restraint of SCIPIO under the unassuming exterior of a

stipendiary magistrate. It is related of St. CUTHBERT, that whenever he had occasion to confer with St. EBBA, an aged abbess of the neighbourhood, upon matters of business, he always took precautions against possible temptation by standing up to his neck in a pool of water during the entire interview. There is not so much dramatic vigour about the picture of Mr. SELFE refusing to interrogate a housekeeper's daughter judicially, except in the presence of his wife, lest, we presume, he should be led astray; but the incident deserves to be recorded for the edification of posterity. We trust he will be long held in honour as the JOSEPH of the Bench. It is possible, however, that his caution was stimulated by his own magisterial experience. We live in an age when a certain class of young women look upon it as a feather in their caps to have been "insulted"; and, if they have not been fortunate enough to achieve the honour in actual fact, they are apt, in despair, to resort to their imaginations to supply the void. Woe to the unfortunate male who may happen to be within reach when this humour takes them, for they always select a court of justice as the best medium for publishing their triumph. Mr. SELFE may have felt that his position would have been painful if he had been arraigned before one of his colleagues on such a charge. It would have turned the laugh entirely upon Father BOWDEN's side. Now, that unfortunate young man is left to lament over the inconvenience of having no similar witness to testify to the innocence of his dealings with the tender lambs whom his order are so fond of tending.

#### AMERICA.

IF it were certain that Hood's army had crossed the Tennessee river in safety, the latest accounts from America might, on the whole, be regarded as not unfavourable to the Confederates. As the capture of Savannah became inevitable from the time at which SHERMAN opened communications with the fleet, the retreat of the garrison with its stores and field artillery must be considered a successful operation. The cotton which was left uninjured was probably the property of foreign owners, but the Federal Government will doubtless retain the valuable booty, with little respect to a title which it may be difficult to establish. As the port of Savannah has long been closed by the Federal occupation of Fort Pulaski, the cotton must have been left in the town for security, and not for immediate exportation. Although the Confederates and their friends affect indifference to the loss of Savannah, the arrival of SHERMAN at a place where he can rest in perfect safety, with the absolute choice of his future movements, involves a great additional danger to the South. No Western Federal army has before reached the Atlantic coast, and there is no large Confederate force in the wide region which intervenes between Savannah and Richmond. On the side of Tennessee, the rumoured evacuation of Chattanooga has neither been contradicted nor confirmed; and, unless the garrison retired before the defeat of Hood, there seems to be no adequate motive for abandoning an important position. The strength and resources of Mobile, and the magnitude of General GRAINGER's expedition against it, are equally unknown. At Wilmington the Confederates have baffled the first attack of Admiral PORTER's powerful armada; and it has been conclusively proved that earthworks may be so constructed as to be invulnerable under the heaviest fire. The controversy which has arisen between the land and sea commanders is at once perplexing and amusing. Admiral PORTER, having easily silenced the enemy's guns by driving the gunners into their bomb-proof coverings, not unnaturally supposed that the troops which had landed might assault the works almost without resistance; and, with a laudable confidence in the accuracy of his fire, he undertook to keep the garrison quiet until the assaulting column was within twenty yards of the place. It is no imputation on the gallantry of the Federal soldiers to object that it would have been a trial to their nerves to come within twenty yards of a line of shells which were falling at the rate of a hundred and fifteen to the minute. The garrison, moreover, were probably within less than twenty yards of their guns, and they would have received the advancing enemy with grape-shot before they could enter the works. The attempt was not, in fact, made, and on the whole it seems that the generals who would have been responsible for the success of the assault were better able to judge of its expediency than the Admiral, who, with his fleet, was removed from all danger except from his own artillery. Admiral PORTER seems to be a testy officer, as he reprimands several of his own captains as roughly as he censures his colleague in

command. There is something like humour in his implied estimate of the qualifications of a civilian general. General BUTLER informs the Admiral that he and General WEITZEL agreed in considering the assault impracticable. Admiral PORTER politely replies:—"I think it might have been done; but I speak with deference, as I have a high opinion of General WEITZEL as a soldier and engineer." If the attack on Fort Fisher is repeated, batteries will probably have been erected on the spit of land where General WEITZEL landed; but for the present, the expedition has failed, and the Federal Government has wasted several millions of money. The reported loss of 1,500 men is inconsistent with the rest of the account, for, according to the official reports, the troops were scarcely under fire, and those who had been left on shore during the night were re-embarked on the following morning. The fleet lost forty or fifty men by the explosion of the wonderful Parrott guns, which, according to the Northern journals, were destined to sink the whole English navy in half-a-dozen rounds. It is, perhaps, not surprising that the national imagination should have been attracted by things so big and so noisy. On the other hand, the Monitors raised their character by weathering a heavy sea and a gale in safety. New York journalists perhaps already see them with prophetic eyes crossing the Atlantic and anchoring off the Tower, if not opposite Windsor Castle.

Although the immediate danger of a profligate attack on Canada has passed away, it is highly necessary that the English Government and nation should indicate their purpose of resenting the smallest aggression. At no former period has the language and bearing of the United States been so insolent and menacing. General DIX's order has only been so far modified that officers commanding on the frontiers are directed to report to General DIX himself for orders before they invade Canadian territory. Mr. SEWARD's letter to Mr. ADAMS was a wanton and deliberate affront to this country, as well as a useless insult to those who were immediately concerned with the Liverpool bazaar. Mr. WATSON WEBB remains in the post which he has disgraced; and Mr. SEWARD himself, in his niggardly offer of satisfaction to Brazil, takes occasion to repeat the offensive assertion that the recognition of the Confederates as belligerents was a breach of the law of nations. It is evident that recent successes have inflamed American arrogance to a pitch of frenzy. The paper at New York which represents the foreign policy of the Government accepts the exertions of the Canadian authorities in the matter of the Vermont prisoners as the obvious result of General DIX's insolent threat. England is, at the same time, offered impunity, though not forgiveness, on condition of "forbidding her subjects to violate the blockade." To such lengths have the professed champions of neutral rights arrived in four years of belligerent experience. It would be idle to notice the ignorant utterances of American malignity if it were certain that they would end in words. No amount of verbal abuse—scarcely even of official rudeness and ill-breeding—would disturb the equanimity of England; but there is a constant danger that extravagant language may lead to the perpetration of some intolerable outrage. When even those American writers who profess moderation and calmness openly renounce all regard for international law, it is probable that some commander on land or at sea may translate their doctrines into act. The continuance of Mr. WATSON WEBB's mission at Rio Janeiro is an invitation to every Federal functionary to be equally reckless in his conduct. A war with the United States would be an unmixed evil; but, if it is forced upon England, it is better that it should come while there is the opportunity of striking a decisive blow by opening the Southern ports. There would be no risk of a rupture if American conceit could be so far dispelled as to convey to the popular understanding the meaning of the conflict which is every day gratuitously provoked. Hitherto, the people of the United States have never been able to comprehend that the obligations of countries to one another are both morally and legally defined by the international code. To legal arguments their teachers and organs reply that they wish for no quarrel, but that, if they are molested by hostile cruisers, they will follow them into neutral ports, and that, for similar reasons of convenience, they will not hesitate to enter neutral territory.

It is satisfactory to turn, for the first time since the beginning of the war, to one rational and prudent protest against the gratification of hostile feeling to England. A Committee of the Board of Trade at Detroit has been enlightened by commercial interest as to the proposed abolition of the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada. As the writer of a Report to the Board observes, the establishment of a system of protection

is not the most rational mode of redressing supposed injuries from a foreign State. The merchants of Detroit venture even to suggest that the interests of the Western corn-growers and lumberers have much to do with the patriotic antipathy to Canadian corn and timber. There is no doubt that similar influences have been active among other classes of producers. The Pennsylvanian iron-masters and the New England weavers passed a tariff for their own benefit within a month after the secession of the Southern members from Congress, and a rate of duties which may now be partially excused by the necessities of the revenue was originally devised for the benefit of particular trades. The friends of protection have always been extraordinarily sensitive to the treachery of England, and they were delighted with the supposed delinquencies of Canada. Down to Mr. BEECHER, who preaches against free trade from his pulpit, the vulgar enemies of England have generally an eye to profit. Lord THURLOW is reported to have said of two candidates for a high legal office—"I had to choose between the intemperance of A. and the corruption of B.; not but what," added the Chancellor with discriminating candour, "there was a great deal of intemperance in B.'s corruption, and a great deal of corruption in A.'s intemperance." There is a great deal of selfishness in Anti-English violence, and a great deal of spite in Protectionist selfishness. It is apparently not impossible that the scheme for closing the Canadian frontier to trade may be defeated by a comparatively disinterested majority. The project of arming flotillas on the great lakes is likely to be more generally popular. It is certain that the protection of American commerce against Confederate enterprise is not the chief object of the measure. The Federal Government either meditates a future invasion of Canada, or it hopes to use the fleet as an instrument of menace and pressure against England. As the termination of the agreement which has lasted since the end of the War of Independence is not contrary to law, it only remains for the English Government to provide a corresponding force, and to maintain proper vigilance on the lakes. The reduction of armaments by agreement among neighbouring States has often been proposed as a security for peace. The present American Government will have the merit of terminating the only arrangement of the kind which has been both successful and durable.

#### MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

IT is a common, but mistaken, supposition that anger is necessarily inconsequent. On the contrary, it is often strictly and rigidly logical. An angry man will take a perverse pleasure in testing every successive link in the argument by which he justifies his state of mind, and will pride himself upon the honest severity with which he criticizes his own deductions. No syllogisms are so pitiless as the syllogisms of suppressed passion. It is reasoning at a white heat. And yet behind this apparently unassailable position there possibly lurks a very dangerous fallacy. There is no flaw in the process between the premises and the conclusion; there may not even be any formal inaccuracy in the statement of the premises themselves. The mistake lies, not in the facts, but in the significance which is attached to the facts. The object of all this anger, for example, may have really made use of the very words which have been attributed to him, and, if the speech which has given offence had been that deliberate outcome of the character which we choose to assume it was—if it had represented the amount of thought and determination which we have insisted upon taking it to imply—it might have constituted a sufficient foundation for that large superstructure of indignation which we have erected upon it. But, instead of this, it has very likely been the offspring of momentary pique, of the irritation of mental fatigue, or of the listlessness of mental inaction. The speaker has, for the time, been absolutely inconsistent with himself; and, though inconsistency is one of the first excuses which we make for ourselves, it is one of the last which we allow to others. If we could change places with the accused person, we should have an explanation at our fingers' ends. We should claim to be interpreted, not by an isolated expression, but by our whole attitude and bearing; we should ask to be judged, not by a solitary instance of defection, but by the steadfastness of our general course. But directly we come to mete out justice to others, we show a wonderful readiness to make them offenders for a word. We disclaim, with a kind of proud humility, all right to assume that our friends do not mean exactly what they say. We insist upon the fact, even when its establishment is most fatal to our real wishes, that their words will bear but one explanation, and lead inevitably to one conclusion.

Such a state of mind as this is a most subtle source of misunderstandings. When a man is wrong in his facts, he must be very unreasonable indeed if he is not open to correction. Fresh evidence is always a good ground for granting a new trial, and no one can feel humiliated by asking for this amount of concession. But where a man is right in his facts, and only wrong in the importance he attaches to them, he is much more difficult of

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approach. He has fallen in love with that conception of his friend's character which he has built up with so much care and so much cost, and he is hardly anxious to have it disturbed. If it proves to be a delusion, how much rage, and sorrow, and disappointment, and soreness will have been suffered to no purpose! Even the consciousness that the cause of it all is removed seems, at first, hardly to compensate for the discovery that it has been self-inflicted. There are few moods harder to make an impression on than one which leads a man to say in effect, "If you can prove to me that such and such things were never said, I am ready to admit that I have been wrong, but I decline to listen to any extenuation of facts which speak for themselves." How is any one to make him see that, instead of letting the facts speak for themselves, he has virtually been speaking for them, and giving to their stammering and uncertain utterances a completeness and definiteness to which they have no real claim? Of course there can be no excuse for misunderstandings of this kind unless, from one cause or another, there has been a suspension of intercourse. Wherever a man can go straight to his friend and tell him where he feels aggrieved, it is hardly possible that they should arise, except either from false pride or from inveterate trifling. But where this method of treatment is inapplicable, the progress of the disease is sometimes inconceivably rapid. Probably there was originally some slight irritation, or coolness, or difference of view, which gave rise to the offence on which you rest your case, and therefore the misunderstanding is not confined to you. And the very fact that your friend has, in a manner, committed himself on the question, and given his opinion against you, will naturally lead him to cast about for reasons for the course he has taken. He will begin to form a new theory of your character, just as you have begun to form a new theory of his; and when estranged friends once take to philosophising after this fashion, they will be likely to discover a score of irrefutable arguments to prove that the past has been all a delusion, and that they were never really adapted for the position they have held to one another. The truth is, that cessation of intercourse brings with it a wholly new set of responsibilities, and calls into action a wholly new set of requirements. An estrangement of fact has a natural tendency, if no care be taken to prevent it, to become an estrangement in will. And the only safe method of dealing with these changed circumstances is to resolve, before the trial comes, that you will deliberately put aside all new lights as to each other's characters which may come to you in the mean time and at second hand, and abide resolutely by that conception of your relationship towards each other which was formed at the time when you had the best opportunities of arriving at its true value. If this course does sometimes expose you to discovering, in the end, that you have been building on a foundation of sand, it is better, even at the worst, to find that your friend has been wanting in faithfulness than that you have been wanting in faith.

Supposing, however, that a misunderstanding has somehow arisen, and that there exists, at least on one side, a desire to put an end to it, it is not always a very easy matter to determine how it is best to proceed. In the opinion of many persons, the wisest course is to avoid as much as possible all reference to what has happened—to let bygones be bygones, and to make a fresh start in intimacy, as though nothing had occurred to interrupt it. No doubt there is something to be said on behalf of such a line as this. All experience tells us that explanations are dangerous things. When two people meet with a mutual desire for self-exculpation, there is necessarily a risk of their being more anxious to justify their present attitude than to smooth the way for a return to the old one; and where the one thing wanting is a reciprocal confession of error, a reciprocal assertion of innocence will be found a very imperfect substitute. In cases where a reconciliation is desirable at all hazards and under any circumstances, this argument has very great weight. In family quarrels, for example, an imperfect restoration of harmony is obviously better than none at all. People who are forced to live more or less in each other's society are probably well advised in turning over a new leaf whenever a former one has been blotted by a quarrel. In this way they can, at any rate, secure a kind of maimed and imperfect accord, whereas an attempt at a complete explanation may chance to break down altogether, and leave them with the same necessity of keeping on decent terms with one another, and an additional difficulty in doing so. But considerations of this kind are not equally applicable outside the family circle. Friendship is essentially a voluntary tie, and, as such, its very essence evaporates when the idea of making the best of things comes into play. It needs for its preservation a continuous exertion of the will, and it is an utter impossibility to secure this without confidence on both sides. At all risks, therefore, it seems better to insist upon a thorough discussion of the causes of the evil which has to be cured. If the result is satisfactory, there is the invaluable certainty that nothing remains unaccounted for, and that there is no legacy of former misconceptions to form a nest-egg for future accumulations. If, on the other hand, the effort turns out to be a failure, nothing has really been lost. You know, at all events, how you stand with one another, and without such a knowledge as this your friendship could have had little substance and little vitality. A consciousness that there is a period of your mutual history which will not bear being referred to is a very difficult ghost to lay; a past which has been buried alive has a terrible disposition to turn itself uneasily in its coffin.

It is a further question whether it is safer to leave the initial

stages of a reconciliation to the management of the parties concerned, or to entrust them to the intervention of a friendly diplomatist. Under some exceptional conditions the latter alternative may be preferable. Where the friends have never met since their estrangement, it is sometimes best that they should remain apart until some of the misapprehensions have been removed. An earlier meeting would only force them to realize more clearly how widely they had drifted asunder, and thus help to give form and circumstance to feelings which it is desirable should never be recognised except as belonging to a past which has no counterpart in the present. But, with this exception, mediation is a very doubtful good. The part which Austria has occasionally played in the settlement of European disputes is better suited to the adjustment of conflicting interests than to the harmonizing of conflicting feelings. The mere fact that the process takes so much longer by reason of the time which is required for the transmission of the explanations from one to the other, is a very obvious disadvantage. Where, too, one person has to hear both sides of a dispute, he is led almost of necessity to use his own judgment and discretion in determining how much he shall repeat of each, and in this way what ought to be a series of perfectly frank admissions may come insensibly to wear the aspect of a grudging and dissatisfied compromise. If, on the other hand, the go-between confines himself to a mere repetition of demands and concessions, there is no room for those insensible modifications which have their origin in that reviving appreciation of each other's characters which will often follow from intercourse face to face. This latter reason may be urged with equal force against attempting a reconciliation by letter. A letter expresses only the sentiments with which the writer is animated at the moment when he sits down to write. It gives no opportunity for that sudden recurrence to a former state of things, that instinctive and irrepresible adoption of a long-abandoned position, which sometimes follows from the mere personal contact of those who have once been friends. There are unconscious associations of voice and look and manner which may exert an influence which you can hardly reckon on beforehand, or account for afterwards. Writing offers no equivalent for subtleties of this kind, and it may often be better to wait indefinitely for an opportunity of appealing to them than to risk leaving the result to the colder action of reason. Only, in whatever way the reconciliation is effected, it is well to beware of giving any need for a repetition of it. A second misunderstanding is very hard to justify, and harder still to heal.

#### LONGEVITY.

A DISCUSSION has lately been carried on in the columns of the *Times* which has an interest for all persons who care about living. No one, according to Sir George Cornewall Lewis, ever lived to the age of a hundred; or, as we should rather say, no one can be shown by sufficient legal proof to have reached that age. There is nothing, one would have thought, specially irritating about this statement, whether well founded or not. It seems, however, to rattle in the minds of a good many respectable antiquaries. As soon as the question is accidentally raised, the supporters of human longevity swarm to its defence with a zeal second only to the theological. They are as much vexed as if every one of them were aged ninety-nine, and were receiving a sentence not to live out the year. The vexation is perhaps natural. Many people can never distinguish between doubts thrown upon their accuracy and doubts thrown upon their veracity. When a man tells you that a friend of his knew an old woman, some years ago, who is at least one hundred and ten if she is still alive, he infers confidently that some people live beyond the age of a hundred; if you don't draw the same inference, he fancies that you are doubting his word. Besides this pardonable confusion of ideas, antiquarian enthusiasts have a special ground of annoyance. They feel that most of their beliefs rest upon evidence which is necessarily short of conclusive. In making investigations about old genealogies, the pleasure of the research is almost proportional to the faintness of the evidence. You glory in the keenness of scent which enables you to follow a trail too faint for other perceptions. Many of your pet opinions are only held in default of better evidence. The slightest presumption upon one side is sufficient to carry weight when there is no other presumption to be had. Things might look different in the sunlight, but we must trust to a farthing candle when we have got nothing better. It is, therefore, "little short of torture to the mind of the genuine antiquary when it is sought to try his conclusions by scientific or legal tests. He thinks it hard that he should be called upon to give an account of his proofs, as if he could put his defunct witnesses into the box. Thus, a gentleman writing to the *Times* complains bitterly of the present age, as being at once absurdly credulous in some things and absurdly incredulous in others. People, he says indignantly, are ready to believe that Richard III. was a respectable character, and yet they won't believe that one Jenkins lived to be 169. Without concerning ourselves to defend, in all points, an age which believes in spirit-rapping, we think this attack upon it very unfair. It is plain that, if we assume perfect equality between the evidence in favour of the villany of Richard III. and the evidence to establish the extraordinary age of Jenkins, we shall not therefore believe in the two facts with the same intensity. It was once, perhaps, quite in character for an uncle in the highest classes to

murder his infant nephews and conceal them in a hole behind the stairs. That line of conduct might even be so intrinsically probable, *a priori*, that we should believe it until the uncle's innocence was proved. But, on the other hand, it was characteristic that people should accuse Richard of smothering his young friends, and should believe the accusation causelessly. The antecedent probabilities are about equal, and we may be reasonably swayed either way by a slight weight of evidence. On the very strongest hypothesis there always remains a possibility that Richard was a misunderstood but virtuous character, for some admixture of falsehood in the authorities is a certainty, though the proportions of the mixture are doubtful. But no one can say that the probabilities are not enormously great against Old Parr having lived to 152, or Jenkins to 169. There is some limit of belief at which our minds, however elastic, cease to yield to almost any evidence. If Jenkins's age had been put at 969 instead of 169, no one would accept the story, though the evidence were infinitely stronger. It is indeed rather amusing to observe the extreme faintness of the ground on which our faith in Jenkins is demanded. Some vague gentleman, going to see Jenkins, meets a man over a hundred, whom he congratulates on his apparent vigour in extreme old age. "Ah, sir, it's my father that you want to see," exclaims Jenkins junior. The picturesque intervention of this superfluous centenarian seems to have made the fortune of the story. The corroborating circumstances—such as the old men who had always considered Jenkins an old man from their early youth, and Jenkins's own recollections of Flodden Field—are the mere commonplace of such stories. The gentlemen who ask us to believe this tale produce a kind of evidence which might adequately prove that John Smith was the son of William Smith in the seventeenth century, if there was no evidence to the contrary. But it is hardly enough to generate conviction in a statement which is next door to miraculous. There is no fixed limit to human life, but human life is not therefore of an arbitrary length. A man eight feet high is a rarity and a giant; a man eighty feet high is a fiction. No one can mention the exact distance beyond which no rifle can throw a ball, but we may be pretty certain no rifle ever yet threw a ball ten miles.

It follows that, as a first step, we must cast aside the discussion of these traditional old gentlemen until we have decided what is the dead weight of scientific scepticism to be met by evidence. By observing the actual length of life of annuitants, incumbents, and other persons the length of whose days is an object not merely of scientific but of legal curiosity, we may arrive at some measure of the improbability of considerable deviations from the ordinary standard. At least we may seek for statements sufficiently modern to admit of verification. It is wonderful what a crop of centenarians springs up at the first cursory examination of modern records. If we look through old numbers of the *Annual Register*, deaths of persons above one hundred are recorded every year. People seem to have been in the habit of dying at all kinds of unreasonable ages, and in various remote parts of Europe—Poland, Calabria, or Norway—and having their deaths duly recorded in the papers of the period. In 1768 alone, three deaths are reported at the respectable ages of 117, 138, and 150. In 1761 an ancient couple is reported to have died at Philadelphia (Quakers are proverbially long-lived, and always speak the truth), the husband at the age of 120, and the wife at the age of 115, having been married for 98 years. We are told of some laborious German who collected considerably more than a thousand cases of persons living to upwards of a hundred. Of these fifteen had died between the ages of 130 and 140, six between 140 and 160, and one (our old friend Jenkins, we presume) at 169. It is remarkable that people who live to this incredible extent generally do it in out-of-the-way country parishes. A hundred years ago many English country districts might still be considered as partially discovered districts. As the domain of the unknown recedes, the centenarians become suspiciously scarce. They vanish like the phoenix, the snapping turtle, or the sea-serpent, before the approach of civilization. In modern years, we remark that a considerable proportion of the cases of extreme age, as of apparitions of the sea-serpent, are recorded by American witnesses. It may be used in argument as to the condition of negro slaves, that they are frequently quoted as living for superhuman periods. We read of slaves who have been 120 years in one family; they have generally belonged to General Washington, whose venerable nurse was one of Barnum's most brilliant triumphs. Either slaves find their mode of life singularly healthy, or, as the sceptical may allege, their intellects are not clear enough to preserve very accurate records of time.

There is the same *prima facie* presumption against all these cases that there is against ghosts. They have an extraordinary faculty for appearing in places where they cannot be too closely investigated. They swarm in every direction just beyond your grasp. A few years ago there were plenty of cases; but the witnesses are dead and buried, and the records are lost. In remote districts, where registers have never been properly kept, or in new countries where the population has been incessantly changing, they continue to abound. If you trust to the evidence of ignorant minds, you may get plenty of living specimens who will claim to be any age. In proportion as we demand rigid proof, the proof becomes shadowy and unsatisfactory. Incumbents of livings, strange as the statement may appear to fellows of colleges, never live to the age of a hundred. Annuitants, notwithstanding their proverbial vitality, always die off. In a town where 10*l.* a year is paid to a large number of the oldest inhabitants, not even the oldest inhabitant has succeeded in passing the century. Among statesmen, bishops, and the

public characters who ought to live long, if purple and fine linen are conducive to long life, no example has been produced. Of the cases cited with most confidence, many rest upon the authority of tombstones, the assumption apparently being that the other parts of an epitaph are always so strictly true that the age is not likely to be falsified. But, of course, if an old gentleman stated before his death that he was 110, and enjoyed the kind of celebrity which the mere fact of living confers in a country village, his executors would hardly omit from his tombstone what was probably his chief claim to be remembered. It is pointed out, besides, that owing to the perversity and blunders of masons even epitaphs are not invariably consistent with themselves. In one case it appears, by a comparison of dates, that a gentleman must have died thirty years before the birth of his wife; and, in another, that an old lady said to be 192 at her death cannot have married till she was past 100. It might be supposed that an educated man should know his own age, were it not that the process by which a fiction gradually imposes upon its author is only too familiar to every one who likes to tell a story. To believe your own lies is the first step in the art of lying gracefully. A certain respectable Dissenting minister used to draw crowded houses by announcing that he would preach at the age of more than 100. He corroborated his statement by a lively account of a battle in which he had won distinction in his youth. When the old gentleman died, aged 107, in the odour of sanctity, it appeared, by examining a register, that the battle had been fought before his birth. The evidence for such cases cannot be sufficiently weighed till a proper allowance has been deducted for enormous lying. When an old man's brain is growing gradually bewildered, it would be hard to grudge him the harmless gratification of spinning incredible yarns. We should listen to him patiently, and assume him to have passed through adventures enough to fill several successive transmigrations. We need not be too incredulous if he professes to have been at the storming of Quebec or the battle of Culloden. But we need not afterwards accept his statements as evidence of anything but imaginative power.

We believe, therefore, that the party in favour of human longevity have failed to establish their case. No instance has been produced at which it is quite impossible to cavil, and the gradual shrinking of the dimensions of such stories, as they advance into clear daylight from the mists of tradition, is a highly suspicious circumstance. We utterly disbelieve in Jenkins. We have our doubts even about that old Countess of Desmond, "who lived to the age of one hundred and ten, and died by a fall from a cherry tree then." Putting aside these extreme cases, it seems more probable that people may have sometimes overleapt the bound of the century by some three or four years. Cases have been produced in which the evidence for an age of 103 or 104 seems tolerably conclusive. Indeed, one venerable old lady appears to have convinced Sir George Lewis that she had succeeded, not only in living to 103, but in cracking nuts with her teeth afterwards. Her birth was recorded in the register of a neighbouring parish, and there seems to have been no reasonable ground for doubting her identity. Without giving in our adherence till more well-authenticated instances have been produced, we shall not be prepared to say, *a priori*, that any such claim was necessarily fictitious. It is a pity that the experiment should not be tried. Philosophers have submitted to breed nests of disgusting insects in their own flesh with a view to investigating their natural history. Devotees of science have submitted to martyrdoms in the shape of disease, discomfort, and torment of every kind. Why should not some one, of a healthy constitution, place himself in the most favourable circumstances, and see how long he can manage to live? It would no doubt be rather dull, but the results obtained would be valuable. When we see the vitality that remains in men like Lord Brougham or our noble Premier after all the wear and tear of exciting lives, we can hardly doubt that, if they had given their minds to it, they might have reached a fabulous length of years. Scientific men should endeavour to catch a young Lord Brougham; they should prevent him from over-exciting himself; they should keep him carefully out of Parliament and away from the Bar, and endeavour to concentrate his whole faculties upon the one object of continuing to exist. We believe that the life of such a man might be to others what the prize turnip shown in pictorial advertisements is to the turnip of common life. Perhaps some of those half-crowns which are given to agricultural labourers for raising sixteen children without assistance from the parish might be diverted, in the interests of science, to a premium upon long life. In course of time we should possibly learn how to acquire a faculty which is often desired, though some people may think its advantage questionable.

#### INFANTILE UTOPIAS.

FEW things are more exquisitely ludicrous than the spectacle of a would-be philosopher solemnly bringing forward, as important discoveries, a set of notions which have long been accepted as self-evident truths by everybody who has ever devoted a moment's thought to the subject. People are frequently regaled with this funny kind of pretentiousness in private life. Youths of twenty, and elderly gentlemen, are the two classes from which such amusing pretenders mostly come. Ignorant display is obviously more pardonable in the first than in the second. We have no right to expect that wisdom and

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discretion should come with the first tail-coat. An elderly Rip Van Winkle, who talks as if he had just awoke from a fifty years' slumber, has less excuse. A man has no business to shut his eyes for thirty or forty years, and then to enter into discussion as if he had been awake all the time. Still he may be amusing, for a short time, to those who are in the secret, and know the profoundness of his sleep. The spectacle is not quite so common in public as in private society. Men are more chary of making exhibitions of themselves in newspapers than at dinner-parties. Now and then, however, we are treated to a performance of Rip Van Winkle by some elderly person who has been tranquilly slumbering up in the mountains for a generation or two. It is seldom that we meet with so fine an example of that disposition to enlighten mankind which is common in people who have just been enlightened themselves as the well-known S. G. O. is furnishing in his communications to the *Times* on the subject of educating babies. Probably on no other subject could such a display have been possible. Imagine a man writing to the *Times* to say that it appears to him that two and two make four, and that it would be well for mankind if this discovery were more widely circulated. Or imagine him taking two columns of print to show that water is made up of two gases, or to explain the functions of the lungs, or to prove that any two sides of a triangle are greater than the third side. The chemist, the physiologist, or the geometer has no apprehension that he will have to learn the rudiments of his science over again in the columns of the *Times* during the Parliamentary recess. Why, in addition to all the other troubles of parentage, should mothers be expected to learn from S. G. O. that "in every child born in healthy condition there is a moral life capable of developing certain moral emotions"? Yet this exceedingly rudimentary truth is as pompously introduced as if it were the law of gravitation that S. G. O. had just discovered. The illustration of so astoundingly original a doctrine is of proportionate vigour and originality. The cheering applause which greets the appeals of the orator is welcome to him; and "scarcely less so, that felt silence of the audience which will at times offer a tribute to his power in an attention which seems almost to suspend the very breath." What is this attention? "Why," exclaims the triumphant philosopher, "here, after all, is only the development of that sense of attention which perhaps in early life was first shown as pleasingly excited by the snufflers-and-tray music of the nursery." It is very difficult to believe that any parent who doubted his baby's "sense of attention," when hammering the bottom of the snuffer-tray with the back of the snufflers, will be persuaded by the scarcely more reasonable hammering of S. G. O. in the *Times*. Surely a long column of twaddle is unnecessary to make us believe that children have a latent set of senses. S. G. O. can scarcely mean more than this. It is, indeed, just possible that his talk about "a moral life capable of developing moral emotion" is designed for a clumsy assertion of the doctrine of an innate moral sense. If so, like most other believers in the transcendental theory, he is very quickly betrayed into manifold inconsistencies. But it would be absurd to accuse the author of all this rambling gossip of holding any metaphysical theory. It is preposterous to expect a man barely awake from sleep, and vigorously rubbing his eyes, to distinguish objects that puzzle men of the keenest sight, and with all their wits about them. Perhaps some acquaintance with the conflicting hypotheses of the mode in which the human mind acquires knowledge, some consistent theory of the way in which character is formed, may be of use to a man who is teaching his neighbours how to develop the minds and mould the characters of their children. Still, if S. G. O. is entirely ignorant of philosophy, it is his misfortune. That he should foolishly assume the airs of a philosopher is certainly not the fault of anybody else.

It is easier to detect what S. G. O. means when he leaves the altitude of his rather curious metaphysics, and descends to practical "hints on the discipline of the nursery." These hints are brief, but they are easily intelligible. First, we are not to be afraid to talk nonsense to little children. "Those who, as the unthinking say, play the fool to a child three or four years of age, accommodating themselves to its small follies and caprices, becoming for the occasion as children to gain more readily the child's love, in my opinion act a rational part." This is true enough up to a certain point, but it scarcely seems worth while to say it. When people begin to talk sense to their babies it will be time enough to point out that they are not acting a rational part. And a parent whose kindly nature does not prompt him to share the sports of his children will certainly not be accessible to argument, even though backed by S. G. O.'s long-winded illustration of the Prime Minister who, to please his child, "went on all-fours about the room covered from the nape of the neck to the extreme spinal boundary with his wife's shawl." There is no fear of people not talking enough nonsense to children. By much the more common blunder is to talk too much. Everybody who has had any experience of children knows that at a very much earlier age than one might have been inclined to expect they begin to detect the trick of talking nonsense, and to resent it with as much contempt as they can muster. It is a great mistake to suppose that you are winning the child's confidence and affection, any more than the luckless working man's, by pretending to sink to the level of his understanding. The imposture of your pretended sympathy is soon found out, and the impostor is punished, as he deserves to be, by a very wholesome dislike. The truth is, that as soon as a child learns ever so feebly to distinguish between what

is silly and what is sensible, much the safest rule for winning its love is to talk to it as sensibly as possible. To S. G. O. this may be doubtful, because he makes the earning of the child's confidence the end and aim of early education. But it is only a means after all. The business of the parent is plainly to fit his child to discharge all the various duties of life in the best possible manner. And the time allowed him for completing this business is very short:—

Could a man be secure  
That his days would endure,  
As of old, for a thousand long years,  
What things might he know!  
What deeds might he do!  
And all without hurry or care.

But, unhappily, our lives are but span-long, and nearly every process in education is, on this account, obliged to serve more than one end. The means adopted to make a child love its parents ought to be at the same time means for making it ready to encounter the tasks and perplexities of after life. If the nursery were the whole stage of human existence, S. G. O.'s precepts would probably be unexceptionable. But, instead of being the stage, the nursery is only the school for the actors, and it is a school in which the scholars can only remain a very short time, though they have an immense amount to learn. On this ground, the writer's doctrine that "toys should be the property of the nursery commonwealth" seems a decided mistake. The sooner a child is taught to acquire the idea of property the better. Besides, can we imagine that the nursery commonwealth could exist a month without the notion of individual property springing up? Precisely the same conditions which give rise to property in the early life of nations would operate in the nursery. And it is particularly chimerical to hope that harmony would be better secured among these tiny socialists by such a system. Socialists on a large scale have not been a particularly peaceful sect. Bickerings and violence are as frequent where everybody has at the same time all and nothing as they are under our present conditions. If S. G. O. had extended his observations rather more widely, or recalled his own reminiscences rather more clearly, he would have found that children quarrel more for possession than for property. They want the toy to play with; and as two cannot have it at once, just the same difficulty would occur wherever the ultimate right of ownership resided. It is all very well to say, "Once establish an amiable feeling among all the members of the nursedom by a judicious use of a few toys in common"; but the question is, whether amiable feeling would be established by such a departure from the principles of grown-up life. After all, if there is any one idea of supreme value to be inculcated into the growing mind, it is that of justice; and in procuring an appreciation of justice, private ownership, even among children, is one of the best available instruments. As might be expected, S. G. O. quite overlooks the importance of an early habituation of a child to justice, just as he overlooks a similar consideration in most of his philanthropic schemes for adults. By making your babies socialists, he thinks, "you have gained a great step towards the amiable use of this kind of property when the time comes for each having his own to deal with as he will." But the "amiable" use of property is by no means so exhaustive a virtue as it appears in the eyes of the professional philanthropist. A man has something else to do in the world besides being amiable.

And this brings us to what we conceive to be the most mischievous of all S. G. O.'s hints for discipline. He says with startling solemnity, "We must punish; the discretion with which we do it will greatly govern the amount which will be necessary." This is pretty obvious; but the cardinal question of all moral education is what sort and what amount of punishment are consistent with discretion. Scarcely any two people are agreed on the answer. S. G. O. apparently has no idea of the extent of the difficulty which he so sententiously opens out, and the single view on punishment with which he favours us does not inspire much confidence. You should always let naughty children see that punishment is a work of sorrow, in which anger has no part. "Let the punishment be one which they shall see painful to yourself as to them." "It is better to let them see you retire in sorrow from the contest," &c. Here, again, amiability is to be the single principle of conduct, to the entire exclusion of justice. Has just anger no function in the moral universe? If, as even S. G. O. would probably admit, anger has its uses, it is exceedingly difficult to see why children should be excluded from so salutary an influence. The desire not to cause sorrow to a parent will, in many cases, be a sufficiently strong incentive to abstain from disobedience; but it is a gross blunder on that account to throw on one side so powerful an educational agent as just indignation. To show a child that you are angry at its misconduct is to call its attention to a natural result. To retire in sorrow from the contest is to substitute for the natural result one that is plainly artificial. Of course, an outrageously evident display of temper towards a child is a pure evil to both parties, but scarcely more so than this feeble abdication of all parental authority recommended by the amiable theorist of the *Times*. There is a great deal too much of this weak stuff believed in by people who confound anger with mere hasty fury. After all, it is only one symptom of the sentimental way of regarding human nature which is so prominent an element of most modern thought.

## THE EFFECTS OF WAR.

AMONGST other conclusions to the great struggle in America, Northern writers are fond of anticipating the total "exhaustion of the South." The expression may, of course, bear various senses. A complete loss of warlike material—of powder, shot, railroads, and rifled cannon—would doubtless disarm the Southern armies. But the absolute destruction of those armies, the extirpation of the population capable of bearing arms, is an alternative sometimes anticipated. For the sake of common humanity, we hope that "exhaustion" is generally used in the first sense. Englishmen, at any rate, have not the excuse of the fever of excitement produced by actually present civil war. A man may possibly be pardoned for using strong language when he has lived for four years almost within the sound of action, when nine-tenths of every newspaper that he reads are made up of news from the field, and when friends are falling in every new paroxysm of the struggle. But the interposition of three thousand miles of ocean should cool our judgments. Whether a man is an Abolitionist, or a Democrat, or a worshipper of the Union, he should be ashamed to demand such a sacrifice to his idol. Their worst enemies cannot deny that the Southern population have shown a courage almost unparalleled, even in wars of independence. We may do the Northern papers the justice to say that they never attempt to deny it. A man must be very certain of the truth of his principles, and of the accuracy of their application, before granting that they necessitate the destruction of most of the able-bodied males of such a breed. Some few of those zealots who cannot speak without foaming at the mouth, who civilly describe the Southerners as Thugs and murderers, may express their pleasure at the prospect. They will certainly do no good to their own cause. It is to be hoped that most Englishmen of all parties would profoundly regret the approach of such a calamity even if they held it to be inevitable.

It is, therefore, worth while examining the question whether the effects of the war still raging may not have been exaggerated. The expenditure of human life has been carried on at an apparently reckless pace. There are, however, several considerations which tend to weaken the first impression, that population must be rapidly receding in the Southern States. The statistics published in the *Richmond Whig*, founded upon the census of 1860, throw some light upon the matter. Accepting these statements as tolerably accurate—and we see no reason for doubting them—the conclusions to which they lead are to the following effect. The total loss, during the last year, from death, or from wounds so severe as to disable permanently, is reckoned at 30,000. The additional loss from diseases in excess of the ordinary mortality is set down at 45,000. The loss from both causes, thus amounting to 75,000, is believed to have been considerably greater than that of either of the former years of the war. On the other hand, the number of boys annually passing the age of seventeen is something over 62,000. Hence, up to the present period, it would follow that the gain from boys growing up to the military age approximately counterbalances the loss from the risks of actual service. By taking the total population at the beginning of the war, and allowing for these losses and for the natural rate of mortality, it is calculated that there still remain some 700,000 men capable of bearing arms—that is, that there are men enough to form far larger armies than have ever yet been actually in the field. That the South has been undergoing a severe strain is indeed sufficiently clear. A country which before the war was increasing far more rapidly than any European nation cannot now keep its male population to a stationary point. The inflowing stream of men is only sufficient to replace the loss due to violent deaths. The natural mortality remains without compensation. At the same time, it is clear that the period is far distant when it will be impossible to replenish the Southern armies. A war carried on for four years along a frontier of so vast an extent must necessarily have caused losses that may make brave men shudder; but even such a war has failed so to injure the sources of population as to render the South incapable of continuing the struggle, or of keeping its armies up to their former mark. All that can be said is, that they must to some extent replace full-grown men by boys of seventeen. The necessary physical deterioration may be set off against the deterioration in the Northern armies caused by the exhaustion of popular enthusiasm. The general result seems to be that the ferocious desires of passionate philanthropists are not just yet to be gratified, though reasonable philanthropists may perhaps put up with a slaughter of 75,000 men in a year, on one side of a contest.

We should, indeed, always anticipate considerable exaggeration in the effects popularly attributed to war. The American war recalls, in some of its features, the wars of the French Revolution. That great explosion of democratic energy showed the immense resources of a people thoroughly roused. Year after year, sanguine patriots hoped that the French population would be exhausted by their efforts; yet, after twenty years of war, Napoleon was still able to raise armies capable of facing half Europe. His troops were recruited by raw conscripts, but they were recruited. The absolute inanition of men, often prophesied, never seriously affected the chances of the war. One reason that may be given for the general failure of such prophecies is, that the accounts we receive of battles are systematically false in almost every respect. Napoleon always understated his losses; but, as no one believed his statements, they counted for little in the popular opinion abroad. When you have to choose between lies and vague con-

jectures, the conjectures will, on the whole, have the preference. On an average, an exaggerated would be more likely, for many reasons, than an inadequate estimate. "One thousand men killed and wounded" makes a better heading to a newspaper column than five hundred, even when they are on your own side. Of course it is right to state your own losses as less than those of your enemy; but, keeping the due proportion, it is as well, with a view to circulation, to state both as high as possible. In the American war, this tendency was displayed more strikingly at first than it is now. In a country where the science of war was unknown, and the science of tall talk had been brought to great perfection, every little skirmish swelled into a tremendous battle. If we accepted as accurate the losses which each side claimed to have inflicted upon the other, we should probably discover that the whole of both armies had been consumed more than once. It may be thought that, by accepting the statement which each side gives of its own losses, we might find an inferior limit below which the true value could not well sink. But even this is doubtful. It is true that, when a great battle such as Chancellorsville has been fought and lost, the temptation to make the least of it is very strong, and such a general as Hooker is apt to find it irresistible. But when a skirmish with guerillas takes place in a remote corner of Tennessee, where, perhaps, two or three rifle shots have been exchanged at a mile distance, there is a strong temptation in the opposite direction. It has to be converted into a brilliant cavalry skirmish, in which, for the sake of decency, some loss must be admitted. Although the sacrifice of life in such campaigns as Grant's before Richmond is very great, a large proportion of the totals is made up by the desultory fighting that fills the interval between more serious attacks. The impression made upon the mind by this constant succession of petty fights, swelled to the utmost by hungry newspaper correspondents and composers of telegrams, is probably greater than it deserves. The accounts, moreover, are never checked in any appreciable way. There is an occasional list of casualties in some particular regiment; but there is nothing like those elaborately classified lists of killed, wounded, and slightly wounded, in every rank, the composition of which is apparently so gratifying to an English officer. Doubtless, the Government obtain the necessary information after a time, but they have too much on their hands to take much pains in making it known, or they do not find the results sufficiently gratifying to make them anxious for extra publicity. Thus, in most cases, our first and generally our only report is a rough statement made by the officer in command of one side, on the evening of the day. He makes a hasty guess at the number of men who have been killed and wounded, over, perhaps, ten or twelve miles of ground. He then sends off by telegram the approximation to this number which is most likely to please his Government. It is obvious that such a process really has no guarantee for its accuracy, even if the officer always wished to be accurate. This makes the source from which all our knowledge is derived totally untrustworthy. The American habit of using 1,000 as a kind of unit of military calculation tends, on the whole, to exaggeration. Even where the first statement underates the actual destruction, the newspapers generally make a conjectural emendation, which more than rectifies the blunder. On the whole, we are of opinion that the medium through which we view all American news, though distorting its true dimensions in various ways, tends, like mist in general, to exaggerate them.

Another consideration in favour of a reduction of numbers is that somewhat naively suggested in President Lincoln's Message—namely, that everybody who is hit does not die. Some of them live to fight another day, and perhaps some live without any such ulterior object. The supposition of the *Richmond Whig* is that about twelve per cent. of the wounded are permanently disabled. How nearly this approximates to the truth it is of course impossible to say, with any accuracy; it is probably not understated. But the arguments sometimes used seem to imply a theory that every man wounded on a field of battle is immediately knocked on the head, if he is not killed outright. The fact is, as we take it, that a destruction of life so great as that anticipated is scarcely possible. Even in the most energetic warfare, a country strong enough to oppose a genuine resistance must be strong enough to have great reserves of population. The mere fact that the South has been able hitherto to keep the field in such force, implies the existence of a force in the background which can be drawn upon in case of necessity. The one thing that would be fatal to the South would be the entire disorganization of their armies. If Lee could be "wiped out," they might despair of replacing him; but so long as he preserves a nucleus round which new recruits may be organized into new armies, the supply is not likely to fail entirely.

The undeniable evils of war are enormous. Whilst we are looking on, we are apt even to exaggerate them. The present war in America seems destined to afford new illustrations of a truth already known. Political economists have observed the extraordinary rapidity with which a country recovers from the effects of devastation. So long as the permanent improvement of the land is unaffected, and the national capital not seriously impaired, there is no reason why a population should not recover their former position in a single season. They suffer keenly, but their sufferings are concentrated within a limited time. If they have enough left to struggle through the interval, they can regain their prosperity with marvellous speed. It is, fortunately, only in a metaphorical sense that we can really burden our descendants with our own wars. We may by a national debt alter the future distribution of pro-

perty; we may damage it; we may grow corn; powder and disagreeable currency at issued by the French assign in America, had expired arrives. In we may exp nor derange cotton-grow secure incre peace, and have been day comes, of prosperi upon a sou

WHAT the Minister at true light, of Confed cities, all cognises a maintain Confederat State and Assembly, roughly ap only what larger Sta nearly on from the parent—the States, w than in pr but it is c without members. assume i exaggerat make one right in C its point; and then which v has trium by her words go great de she is a German place and limits co Prussian a dissolu once "to when on pledged federate legal an any wro had had whether be the hand by newspa the offic We ma Prussia ing ma when i them, "the d quence This and the master what l in the a State hard to rights federat Confed pender —it is



erty; we may, of course, entail vexatious taxes; but the main damage is that which is done when capital formerly applied to growing corn or manufacturing cloth is applied to making gunpowder and to blowing off legs and arms. A deranged currency is a disagreeable thing, but people can manage to get on without a currency at all. In the War of Independence, the currency issued by the Congress gradually sank to the value of old rags or French assignats. Yet it was found possible to continue the war in America, and the French continued to fight when the assignats had expired. Such losses are easily repaired when a time of peace arrives. In a country with the marvellous resources of America we may expect a new start of material prosperity. Neither debt nor deranged currency will dry up the Mississippi, or spoil the cotton-growing capacities of the South. The other requisites to secure increased production are capital, which will be attracted by peace, and population, of which we cannot believe the sources to have been seriously injured. We must hope that, when a better day comes, the evils which have interrupted an unparalleled career of prosperity will have impressed some lessons tending to place it upon a sounder base.

#### CONFEDERATION OR PROTECTION.

WHAT is the German Confederation? It is just as well that the world should know, and that the Germans should know too. If the view of the matter taken by the Prussian Prime Minister and his organs in the German press put the facts in their true light, it is just as well to look the facts in the face. The Act of Confederation of 1815 was entered into by certain princes and cities, all of whom, however differing in power, the Act recognises as equally sovereign and independent, and it declares the maintenance of that independence to be one main object of the Confederation. The only distinction drawn between the greatest State and the least is the graduated scale of votes in the Federal Assembly, which, for certain purposes and on certain occasions, are roughly apportioned to the size of the different States. This is only what is usual in other Confederations, and, if anything, the larger States might complain of the smaller ones being put too nearly on an equality with them. No doubt it was known from the beginning that such an equality would be only apparent—that the greater States, and, above all, the two great States, would always enjoy an influence in the Assembly far more than in proportion to their constitutional number of votes. This was no more than would happen in the natural course of things; but it is only decent that it should be allowed to happen quietly, without any offensive bragging on the part of the stronger members. The tone which Herr von Bismark thinks proper to assume in addressing the Bavarian Court, and the still more exaggerated manifesto of the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, make one at once ask whether there is such a thing as Federal right in Germany at all. The Prussian Government has carried its point; it has got a vote of the Diet in the way that it wishes; and then it goes and lectures, bullies, almost threatens, the States which ventured to vote in a different way from itself. Prussia has triumphed alike over Denmark by her arms and over Bavaria by her counsels. But the vanquished enemy fares, as far as words go, far better than the baffled confederate. Prussia was a great deal more civil to Denmark than she is to Bavaria; nay, she is a great deal more civil to Denmark than she is to the German Confederation. The Diet is recommended to know its place and to keep in it. An attempt to extend its powers beyond the limits conferred by treaties—that is, of course, according to the Prussian interpretation of those treaties—would be all the same as a dissolution of the Confederation, and would entitle Prussia at once "to act in defence of her rights." All this has an odd sound when one remembers that it comes from the Minister of a Power pledged in no case to make war on Bavaria or any other confederate State, but to submit any grievances that it may have to legal and peaceable decision. Prussia has in no case sustained any wrong; the utmost that she can pretend is that, if Bavaria had had her own way, Prussia might have received a wrong. And whether the Bavarian or the Prussian view of Federal competence be the right one is a question surely not to be decided off-hand by threats of secession or worse. So far the Minister; his newspaper organ naturally uses language stronger still than that of the official note. But the one is only a fair comment upon the other. We may assume that it is the correct doctrine at Berlin that Prussia and Austria are the "protectors," and even "the protecting masters" of the Confederation; that the other States, even when in a majority, may not presume to "dictate orders" to them, and that, if they do take such a liberty, it may lead to "the dissolution of the Confederation, and to more serious consequences still."

This is a fair and candid exposition of the law of the stronger, and the German States may well thank their confederate, protector, master, or whatever he is to be called, for telling them so plainly what he is about. It is language which would be quite in place in the mouth of Louis the Great or of the elder Buonaparte towards a State doomed to undergo the process of "reunion." But it is hard to reconcile this kind of talk with the recognition of Federal rights at all. It is hard to understand how two States of a Confederation can be the "protectors" and "protecting masters" of the Confederation itself. It is hard to say what becomes of the independence which the Confederation guarantees to each of its members—it is hard to understand what is the use of a Federal Diet, with an

elaborately apportioned scheme of votes—if no vote may be given contrary to the will of two particular members. The Bismark organ holds that the dissolution of the Confederation, "and more serious consequences still," must follow if any members but two venture to use their guaranteed independence. One would rather have thought that, if it is no longer allowed to them to do so, the Confederation, as a Confederation, is already at an end. The official talk of the Prussian Minister may, as far as reasoning goes, be looked on as completely set aside by the cogent and dignified answer of the Foreign Minister of Bavaria. Herr von der Pfordten shows unanswerably that it is not Bavaria, but Prussia, which is violating Federal right and shaking the foundations of the German League. Of the talk of the Bismark organ the Bavarian Minister can of course take no notice. But the theory of Federal right set forth by the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* is so singular that it may, as a matter of political speculation, be worth considering a little more at length.

This notion of "protectors," "protecting masters," and the like, is utterly inconsistent with the existence of the laxest Federal tie. It is the old story of Thebes and the Boeotian towns, and how the presiding city gradually turned into a tyrant city. If Prussia or Austria is to be a "protector" or "protecting master" of the other German States, those States are no longer confederates, but dependencies; the independence secured to them by the Federal Act is come to an end. Perhaps this is their natural condition; perhaps the guaranty of independence was a sham from the beginning, and must be a sham to the end; but, if so, the whole notion of a German Confederation is itself a sham, and it would be only carrying Prussian plainness of speech a little further to say so. A Diet where the majority may not "dictate orders" to the minority, if that minority happens to contain two particular members, is a sham, and it would be as well to say so. It is probably true that no genuine Federal relation can exist between two such Powers as Austria and Prussia and the smaller members of the Union. Their practical relation can hardly fail to be a relation of dependence. But, if so, the Confederation is an imposture. Anyhow, it is ludicrous to say that the Confederation can exist only by its members sinking into this dependent position—that is, that the Confederation can exist only by ceasing to be a Confederation at all.

For it is clear that, if the notion of "protecting masters," or even of protectors in any shape, be once admitted, the Federal relation is done away with. The principle of the German Confederation, as of all Confederations, is perfect equality among its members. We do not mean necessarily an equal number of votes in the Federal Assembly, but equal rights, equal independence, equal sovereignty, equal power of freely using such votes as each State has. This sort of equality seems inherent in any Federal system; it was hardly violated even by the complicated and varying relations existing among the old Thirteen Cantons of Switzerland. Though the terms on which different Cantons were admitted differed from one another, yet all the States which held the full rank of Confederates were so far equal that none could be said to be the master or protector of any other. All were equally independent and sovereign, though some had bound themselves by obligations from which others were free. A protected State, in the full sense of the word protection, is no other than a dependency; even a State which is protected in the modified sense in which Greece is under the protection of England, France, and Russia, is placed in a relation to its protectors in which the German Act of Confederation most certainly does not place Bavaria with regard to Brandenburg. A protected State cannot enter upon a policy of which its protectors disapprove; it must often obey decisions in forming which it has not been consulted. A member of a Confederation, on the other hand, may easily have its wishes thwarted by an opposing majority; but it cannot be bound by decisions about which it has not been consulted, because it necessarily enjoys the right of free speech and free vote in the Federal Assembly. A Confederation may itself be either a protecting or a protected State; its several members may be protecting States; but this protecting or protected relation must exist towards States which are not themselves members of the League; it cannot exist among members of the League itself. It is clear that a weak Confederation may put itself under the protection of a powerful neighbour just as much as a weak Kingdom or Republic may do so. The Confederation of the Rhine recognised a protector in the first Buonaparte; the proposed Canadian Confederation will recognise not only a protector but a sovereign in the Queen of Great Britain. There is nothing in this in any way inconsistent with perfect Federal equality among the members of the League; the only effect of the protected relation would be to render the League more or less dependent on the foreign policy of the protecting State. It is still more obvious that a Federation is as capable as any other Kingdom or Republic of acting as a protector to weaker Powers. So is any single member of the Confederation wherever the Federal tie is lax enough to allow its members to contract separate alliances. This is the case with the German Confederation; therefore Prussia, Bavaria, or any other State might have entered the League as the protector of a train of dependencies. But such dependencies could not have had equal Federal rights with their protectors, nor can the existing members of the League be reduced to the protected relation without destroying their equal Federal rights.

In no other Federation, old or new, does this sort of supremacy of one member over another seem ever to have been claimed,

except in that case of Boeotia which stands out as a warning for all Federal States to avoid its example. The greatness of Megalopolis, Bern, and New York has not been found inconsistent with the independence and Federal equality of Tritaia, Zug, and Rhode Island. In theory, then, there is no reason why the greatness of Brandenburg or Austria should be threatening to the independence of Bavaria, or even to the independence of Reuss Schleiz. Nor need the case be affected by the fact that Germany is not a *Bundestaat* but a *Staatenbund*—that is, in short, that the Federal power acts wholly on the Governments and not on the people, and that each member retains the right of forming separate alliances and of conducting a foreign policy of its own. Switzerland, in its old state, was only a *Staatenbund* also. The real difference is not a formal, but a practical one. Bavaria most certainly comes far nearer to Prussia in extent, population, and power than Tritaia came to Megalopolis, than Zug comes to Bern, than Rhode Island comes to New York. But Megalopolis, Bern, and New York have no standing out of the Leagues of which they are or were severally members. The greatness of Bern, and we may add the greatness of New York, grew up mainly after the accession of those States to the Federal bond. New York, too, never existed historically as a separate Power; it changed at once from a colony to a canton. Megalopolis, again, though so much greater than most of its fellows, had, through its exposed and isolated position, a peculiar need of their help which somewhat counterbalanced its inherent superiority. But Prussia and Austria have a standing altogether out of and independent of the German League. The greater part of the dominions of Austria are not within the limits of that League. Prussia and Austria flit backwards and forwards between the character of great European Powers and the character of members of the German Confederation. It is hard to see how the two-fold position of Austria can ever be reconciled with German freedom and unity in any shape. Prussia, on the other hand, though its position is quite inconsistent with the sound working of a German Confederation, may, if it ever learns better behaviour, become, like Piedmont in Italy, the nucleus of a German Kingdom. But it is worth remembering that Piedmont grew into Italy, that it won to itself the affection of the subjects of the other Italian States, not because it was the greatest, but because it was the best-governed Italian Power. The King of the Two Sicilies ruled over a far larger portion of the soil of Italy than the King who has supplanted him. And if we seek for the best-governed German State, for the most patriotic German Sovereign, it will hardly be at Berlin that we shall find them. It is not by bullying the other German Powers that Prussia can grow into Germany. Human nature at best is weak, German princes do not always exhibit human nature in its strongest form; and if German princes are told that they must have a protector or a protecting master, they may be tempted to look for him elsewhere. Such a course would be foolish, wicked, suicidal, but it is not impossible. There is another Power, call it friend or enemy, which would doubtless, for a proper consideration, undertake the duties of the office, and would discharge them with at least more of outward courtesy than is to be had at the hands of Bismark. Every friend to Germany, to Europe, to mankind, looks on such a notion with horror, but its possibility cannot be forgotten. As usual, straws show the way of the wind, and Imperial amusements may possibly give some faint indication of Imperial policy. We read not long ago that—

On the occasion of the new year, the Emperor presented to the son of Prince Napoleon an automaton toy representing a gardener with a barrow. The figure walks backwards and forwards, and turns its head in the most natural manner, at the same time wheeling before it whatever may be put into the barrow.

Is there not a moral in this? The figure, if we rightly understand the description, can, on occasion, turn its head in one direction and wheel its barrow, with "whatever may be put into it," in another. The face may be directed towards the Adriatic, the tongue may proclaim that Italy shall be free as far as its shores, but the figure nevertheless wheels off in another direction whatever may be put into its barrow in the shape of Nice and Savoy. We do not wish to see this same process repeated between the Rhine and the Oder, but if Herr von Bismark does not wish it, he has singular notions as to the adaptation of means to ends.

#### SKATING.

THERE is surely no one point in which the national degeneracy, which began with the Reform Bill and culminated in railways, is now more glaringly manifest than in the weather. To say that English weather is not what English weather used to be, is but to say what would apply equally well to port wine, Parliamentary eloquence, and reverence for years and rank. But the falling off in weather has been most complete. It may be the levelling tendency of the age, or it may be Admiral Fitzroy; but, if we are always to have frosts of the average length of two days each, one may as well emigrate at once to Labrador. The manlier virtues had better retire from business entirely if, after much effort, the ice in the Parks is to reach the final thickness of half an inch. Who is to teach the rising generation to hurl the adventurous snowball, and fabricate the illegal slide, if the snow is to fall thinly on Saturday morning and turn into mud, at the latest, on Saturday afternoon? The citizens of London, says some chronicler, used to hold fairs on the frozen Thames, and roast an ox whole on the ice. At present, for all that we can see, they

will be just about as likely to set the Thames alight altogether. Things have been getting worse and worse. In 1855 there was a fairly respectable skating season. In 1861 there was a last effort of ice to assert its existence as a creditable British institution. And now it has come to our having a balmy west wind in the beginning of January, after a couple of the most futile attempts, on the part of the mercury, that the oldest inhabitant is likely to remember, to reduce itself permanently below freezing-point. It must be in bitter mockery of the actual results that thermometers are graduated to some twenty degrees below zero. Fahrenheit himself would blush with shame if he could have lived to feel such winters.

In sober truth, it is rather hard upon the rising generation of English boys that they should have so little frosty weather. The art of skating, like that of swimming, is one which, when learnt betimes, is never thoroughly forgotten. To be a good skater it is not necessary to have cleverness, or nimbleness, or strength. It is far more important to have boldness, and most important of all to have plenty of practice. The repeated putting off and on of the skates, the patient plodding over a difficult figure, the readiness to learn by example—these are the means by which excellence is attained; and they are much more easy to the young than to the middle-aged. There are, indeed, some cardinal maxims in good skating which the most patient learner would take long in finding out for himself. It does not suggest itself to the untutored mind that half the work is practically done by the foot which is off the ice. Ease in crossing the legs, uprightness, and, still more, slowness of action, are things which are in reality indispensable to a first-rate performer, but may very well appear of little consequence to the beginner. The fact is, that skating is the one accomplishment which is preserved solely by tradition. There are no text-books about it, no laws, no recorded principles. Age and experience have the field entirely to themselves. Rising talent may display itself in any new form that it likes, but it seldom succeeds in establishing fertile innovations upon the practice of the elders. It may be questioned, indeed, whether the art is not one which has in historic times experienced some decline, if it be true, as is said, that Benjamin West, the President of the Academy, was able to trace in his skates on the ice the outlines of any statue that might be named—an idea in the contemplation of which the modern mind can only take refuge in the confidence that it cannot be true. But, however this may be, it must be readily conceded that the best skaters on the Long Water are not among the youngest men. The audacious pirouettes, the marvellous quadrilles, which so astonish and delight the annual crowds in Kensington Gardens, are executed most boldly and most successfully by men whose tiny silver skate has floated over the same waters for twenty seasons or more.

An Edda of the tenth century, Strutt tells us, mentions that the god Uller was distinguished by his beauty, his arrows, and his skates. With so venerable a tradition to fall back upon, it seems a pity that the hardy Norseman has not contributed more to either the literature or the practice of skating. The practice, indeed, as has been observed, is totally independent of literature. It is most probable that the amusement is one which, in spite of Uller, was for a long time confined chiefly to the lower and middle classes, and never reached among them any very high pitch of art. It was looked upon much with the same view that the boys on the Serpentine even now seem to adopt, as an accomplishment of which the acme was reached when the performer could succeed in running along quickly in his skates, and finishing off with a long and triumphant slide on two feet in a straight line forward. A gentleman would probably then have no more thought of trying to execute different figures on the ice than he would, at the present day, of dancing in a drawing-room on the tips of his toes. It was about a century ago that the rude steps of the skaters were first moulded by cultivation, though who the instructor was who first taught the slippery foot to adapt itself to "threes" and "eights" history does not record. The first club established in these islands was that of Edinburgh, a city which still, we believe, maintains an excellent body of skaters. All at once the art rose to importance, and the figures were propagated in Germany, France, and Holland; and still more successfully, at a later period, in the United States and Canada. So necessary to civilization did this aristocratic amusement seem, that when trade was first opened with Brazil early in the present century, and fabulous fortunes were beginning to be realized by traffic with a country so rich and so ready to import, among the first cargoes that were sent to Rio de Janeiro, a place where ice had never been seen in the memory of man, were thirty tons of warming-pans and thirty tons of skates. The greatest blow which has fallen upon English skating in modern times has been the draining of so much of the fen country of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire. For mile after mile, in days past, the water would be frozen on Whittlesea, unploughed by pestilent barges, and rarely deep enough to drown; and with the long "runners," and a fair wind behind, seventy miles a day would not be thought so very great a score. Even now the fennmen keep up their winter races, and do the mile in little over the two minutes—the fastest pace in the world; and on the Witham, some winters ago, the Lincolnshire Volunteers trained themselves for the feat by which a Dutch army once repulsed a force of Frenchmen on the Scheldt, and, with rifle in hand, skated down the river to Boston in "fours," with the captain at their head, majestic and wonderful to behold.

It would be by no means amiss if some of our best skaters would draw up and print some authoritative collection of

rules and of direct maxims. It has been found of skating are certain of the st England, much mo principal syllabus with som Book, but character a singular which ap the figur out to be a device, by no m duced. of the m from the A bold s prologue outside o grandeur foundati absence suggeste are in th quietly a among r many ca compose give the One c is the di mental fr skater m to attitu To pose the per possible, forward demigod schools opinions ness. difficult found t when th succeed Skating skating perform ton. B and Ro show. of excel by any person a dozen the cou in Can tioned, ment v town f languag of the itself i posed, the rau not so edge. leave o again! howev soul w two da the en us ven may b of skat come



rules and precepts. Two things are wanted. One is a set of directions for those who are learning the art, some maxims approved by experience, and suggestions that have been found useful in practice. There is probably a philosophy of skating as well as of everything else; and, at all events, there are certain principles of true skating—such, for example, as that of the straight knee—which are very insufficiently recognised in England, and quite ignored abroad. The other desideratum is much more simple of execution. It is merely a description of the principal figures, with their proper names to each. The only syllabus of the kind which to our knowledge exists is one which with some trouble may be found in an old edition of the *Boy's Own Book*, but is certainly not worth searching for. The ambitious character of the terms employed in this guide to learners presents a singular contrast to the extreme simplicity of the movements which appear to be described. Section No. 17 explains how to "cut the figure of a heart upon the ice"; which, upon examination, turns out to be what is generally known as the simple figure of three—a device, it may be added, which, when properly executed, ought by no means to take the form of a heart. No. 18 is thus introduced:—"We now come to a difficult, and at the same time one of the most agreeable manœuvres. It would seem to be difficult, from the circumstance that so few skaters attempt to perform it. A bold skater, however, has only to try, to succeed." After this prologue there is introduced what is styled the outside wheel and outside edge backwards; and it is with some difficulty that, in the grandeur of the terms, we recognise the familiar "drop," the foundation of almost every figure known to the Club. The absence of some such authorized vocabulary as that which we have suggested leads, in practice, to a good deal of trouble. People who are in the habit of skating together may go through a "quadrille" quietly and easily enough; but there is no common understanding among skaters as to the arrangement and system—nor, indeed, in many cases, as to the very nature—of the different figures that compose it, and in general a fogleman is rendered necessary to give the word of command.

One consequence of the traditional element in all skating practice is the divergence of national tastes. The English and the Continental fashions, at any rate, are so different that a Dutch or German skater may be recognised at a distance on the ice. The tendency to attitudinize is carried much further abroad than it is with us. To poise the body is, of course, in each case, the chief difficulty of the performance, but the Englishman prefers to surmount it, if possible, without showing the trouble it costs. The folded arms and forward slope of the body are abominations in the eyes of the demigods of the Long Water. Into the rival merits of the various schools it is, of course, impossible to enter without prejudice; and opinions may vary indefinitely upon the point of superior gracefulness. But as regards actual ability to perform the more difficult evolutions, we are persuaded that Englishmen will be found to carry away the palm. They practise more assiduously when they get a chance, and they care more about the triumph of succeeding. Canada is probably the only country which has Skating Clubs that could rival our own, and in the covered skating booths of Kingston and Montreal feats will be at times performed which would surprise even the park-keepers of Kensington. Boston too, and the New York Central Park, with Albany and Rochester and Burlington, have their marvels of elegance to show. But the fact probably is that, when once a certain degree of excellence has been reached, hardly anything that can be done by any one skater is too hard for another to accomplish. If one person were to begin to go through the figures with his eyes shut, a dozen others would have learnt to do the same in a week. In the course of last winter, an officer who had resided for some time in Canada was dining at an English mess, and incidentally mentioned, while speaking of the Canadian skating, a certain movement which he had seen repeatedly performed at the garrison town from which he came. It would be described in technical language as a "double three on the backward roll." Think only of the combined difficulties of the process. The backward roll itself is sometimes considered formidable; it is popularly supposed, in fact, to be the necessary qualification for admission to the ranks of the Skating Club; and the ordinary double three is not so easy a matter when it comes to the left foot or the inside edge. But to combine the two in one movement, and then to leave off with sufficient impetus to start at once on the other foot again! It seems hard enough, in all conscience. The story, however, came to the ears of a gallant member of the Club, whose soul was superior to difficulties. He practised it resolutely for two days; at the end of the first, he could manage it a little; at the end of the second he had fairly mastered the problem. Let us venture to recommend the task to any other gentlemen who may be in want of something fresh to learn, in case, to the delight of skaters and the confusion of all hunting men, the frost should come at last.

#### NOVELTIES FROM AUSTRALIA.

AMATEUR reformers of the British Constitution are very ready to hold up for our admiration the progress of our Colonies towards a political perfection hitherto unattainable in the Mother-country. Vote by ballot, universal suffrage, freedom from the despotism of a House of Lords, &c. &c. are blessings which Englishmen at present must emigrate to enjoy. If we may judge by the latest news from Victoria, there are other advantages which the exile may secure, but which he does not in all

cases appreciate as they deserve. A very popular suffrage, for instance, gave him some time ago a very Irish Ministry, "more Irish and less nice" than the Colony quite liked; and hence a vigorous reaction, which has forced it to return a new Parliament of unknown men. The spread of democracy has also extended, by a mere chance, to a "point" not even included in the Six Points of our dead and gone People's Charter; for Young England in the South has seen the extraordinary spectacle of women giving political votes. The Englishman abroad has, again, a pleasure unknown here—the pleasure of dealing with a large Chinese population, with all their keen competitive industry, and their utterly Asiatic ignorance of European morality. And, to complete the wonders to be witnessed by those who cast their lot in strange lands, the Australians have seen arise in their very midst a colonial shadow of that once old English worthy, Protection; and pale imitators of the Bentincks, and Chowlers, and Newdegates "hold their heads to other stars," and chatter half-intelligible *patois* of political economy, like Demosthenes with the pebbles in his mouth, "by the long wash of Australasian seas." They certainly have the advantage of us in all these delightful novelties, and if they go on improving at this rate, emigration may become too popular, and writs of *ne exeat regno* may have to be taken out for half the Anglo-Saxon race rushing to the antipodes to change, not only their skies, but their political institutions. Especially we may look for an emigration of all the Radicals of the land. We may lose our much-loved metropolitan members; Mr. Hadfield, like Mr. Micawber, may quit us, declaring that "Britannia, my dear, must take her chance"; and, worst of all, Mr. Berkeley, the Constantine of concealed voting, may seek a new sign of victory in the Southern Cross. One practical difficulty will probably arise; as the Australians object to take our *expirée* convicts, they may also hesitate to receive our used-up politicians.

These, however, are vain hopes. Evidently the bulk of the people of Victoria so far retain old English notions that they did not enjoy as they ought the very Irish Ministry which preceded the Cabinet now ruling the destinies of that young giant of the South. Even when Mr. O'Shaughnessy euphonized his family appellation into O'Shanassy, the brogue peeped out as unmistakably as in Leech's sketch of the girl denying that she was Irish, with the words "Och no, ma'am, shure I'm from *Corrrrrrwall*." The Irish party in the Assembly had also the inestimable advantage of Mr. Gavan Duffy's presence and advice. Mr. Duffy, a man of journalistic ability, has had a privilege of which few men can boast; he was tried three times on a charge of high treason. On each occasion the jury (need we say that it was Irish?) could not agree. As the excitement of the mock rebellion had by that time died out, the Crown got ashamed of the useless prosecution, and Mr. Duffy was released. He subsequently emigrated to Victoria, where he became a political agitator. He lived to see himself called "trustworthy and well-beloved" by the Sovereign whose authority he had conspired to overthrow; and—what he probably valued more—he obtained, in consideration of a short official service, a life pension of 1,000*l.* a year. Of course, it is not every exiled Hibernian who has had Mr. Duffy's good luck; but he may be taken as a fine specimen of the way in which the Irish Australian Ministry, when in power, managed to provide for themselves and their friends. The Melbourne Correspondent of the *Times*, accounting for the return, at the new election, of every one opposed to Mr. O'Shanassy, Mr. Duffy, and their friends, says:—

The principal cause of all this is that the taste of the last Ministry is not yet out of the mouth of the country. It was a Ministry intensely Irish, and its policy was "Australia for the Irish." During twenty months of office scarcely any but Irish appointments were made in any of the departments. You may even now shut your eyes as you travel along one of our Government railways, and from the ubiquity of the brogue, you may imagine yourself travelling in Tipperary. The general election was seized by the English and the Scotch as an excellent opportunity for terminating the Irish reign, at any rate for a time.

Once, in England, an Irish alliance ruined a political party for years, and the great Conservative reaction of 1841 was as much due to Lord Melbourne's compact with O'Connell as to the financial imbecility of the Whigs. Since then we have not known anything here coming up to the Irish invasion that disgusted Victoria. It certainly is curious that, both in Australia and America the Irish politicians should have failed to make a mark. We have just seen how they used an opportunity in an English colony. In America they have had a fair field and much favour for at least a quarter of a century. The Irish vote has been important; Irish oratory has been largely used; even in the present war a generalship has been given to almost every Irishman of spirit, from Mr. Meagher of the Sword, to Mr. Corcoran of the New York public-house bar; but neither in politics nor in war—unless General Sheridan, of Irish descent, if not Irish-born, be an exception—has a leading part been taken and held by men of Irish birth. It may be that the Celtic temperament is unfitted for the drudgery, and rough practical work, and fidelity to facts, and adherence to a party, required for constitutional politics; and this view is in some degree borne out by the repeated defeats of free government in France. At all events, while in English politics Irishmen have been personally popular enough—while Burke, Sheridan, and Grattan are illustrations of our Parliamentary annals, and all that is Irish in Palmerston helps him pleasantly along—it is the fact that few Irishmen become essential men in English political combinations. This may be our fault, for the English nation is rather awkward in adapting itself to alien elements (else why do

we use the term "un-English" as the climax of all that is bad?), or it may be their own lack of what the Yankees call "real grit." It is at all events the fact that, politically, Irishmen do not succeed in this country. The young gentleman who, on being asked by his patron in the old days to state in writing his claims and qualifications for office, mentioned incidentally that he had "great powers of denunciation, combined with the wildest humour," was an Irishman, and doubtless his testimony did not outstrip the truth. He might have made a better ganger than Burns; but John Bull has an aversion to virtues not suited to the situation, and Irishmen possess so many of these that he often doubts, perhaps unfairly, their possession of the qualities actually required.

The second Australian novelty—women voting for members of Parliament—arose from an accident, and was not, we lament to say, that proper concession to principle which the advocates for Women's Rights might hail with delight:—

The new Electoral Act of the last Government having provided that the roll of every municipal district should be transferred bodily to the Parliamentary electoral roll, has given, probably without intending it, the franchise to women. They came forward in considerable numbers to vote at the last election. In very many instances, I am sure, they exercised the franchise at the least as wisely as the common run of men. It is said that these patriotic women generally favoured educated candidates, were prone to plumpers, and ostentatiously despised the secrecy of the ballot.

Here are ample materials for a new agitation at home. After this example, who can deny the right of every Englishwoman to vote? Who can assert that 64 householders know more of national politics than their wives? We should probably have to enlarge our polling-booths to admit freeholders in crinoline; the word "plumper" from pretty lips would be almost as favourable in "forming" the mouth as "papa, prunes, poetry, and prism," while the hustings would be delightfully variegated

With prudes as agents, virgins to "propose,"  
And tapering fingers at the show of hands.

The only doubt we have is as to the independence of the new electors. It is a curious circumstance, but one that will, we believe, be fully borne out by statistics, that ninety-nine out of every hundred electors who take bribes are married men! Talleyrand, when he heard "a family man" praised for probable morality, exclaimed, "Don't talk such nonsense; a man with a family will do anything"; for experience taught the old diplomatist that when a man has a wife and children dependent on him for bread, he is not greatly scrupulous as to any legal way of adding to his income. That this feeling would affect married women with votes is very certain, and the matron in humble circumstances, and with ten children to keep, who would refuse a ten-pound note for her vote and interest, would be a heroine compared with whom Spartan mothers were weak creatures without souls. If, however, votes are only given to unmarried women, we may fall into another trap. Might it not be very dangerous for any young male candidate to stand for a borough like Cheltenham, Leamington, or Bath? Could he escape, after a canvass, without more promises of marriage than Brigham Young himself could keep? And, above all, should not we have to frame a new Act declaring that kisses were bribes? In one respect the Australian voters of the weaker sex foreshadow what would be the fate of the ballot, combined with feminine suffrage, among ourselves; they openly proclaimed their votes, though obliged to use the mystic box. Of course, they had all the pleasure which women naturally feel in setting at nought any injunction to secrecy; and they would as soon think of hiding their politics as of keeping to themselves the news of a proposal.

Not only were women admitted to the Victorian franchise, but there was an effort made to bring in some Chinese. We believe that a knowledge of the English language is required from the voters; and doubtless the good old story of the attempt to introduce a foreigner into the body-guard of Frederick the Great, and to make him pass for a German, suggested the Celestial stratagem. The foreigner was drilled to answer, "Twenty-four years," "Two years," and "Both, please your Majesty," to the three questions invariably put by the King, and always in the same order, to every new recruit—namely, "How old are you?" "How long have you served?" and "Have you got your pay and allowances?" Unluckily, however, the King varied the questions, and, when he asked the man's service, was answered "Twenty-four years" by the very young-looking recruit. "Then," asked the astonished King, "How old are you?" "Two years," gravely replied the soldier, utterly unconscious of the meaning of his answer. "Are you or I a fool?" angrily roared the King. "Both, please your Majesty," was the calm reply. It seems that in Victoria the drilling of the Chinese was equally unfortunate:—

Thirty-eight Chinese in the borough of Beechworth were engaged by one of the candidates at 8s. a head, and tutored to say "Yes" to every question which might be put to them in the polling-booth. One of the first questions asked was, "Have you voted before at this election?" Answer, "Yes," from most of these Celestials, and forthwith they were unceremoniously bundled out of the booth. Two or three of them, however, passed more prosperously through the ordeal, and retired to score out the names from the ballot papers. They had been told to scratch the first three names on the paper, but unfortunately for the arrangement they got the papers upside down, and plumped for their employer's antagonist after all.

Such are the delights of an extended suffrage when "the people" are partly Chinese.

Perhaps future years may show us the politicians of the South going in strong for the Chinese vote—talking "broken China," as

Albert Smith used to say, and toasting the pious and immortal memory of Confucius. As England has borrowed competitive examinations from the Flowery Land, could not the Australians, to conciliate their pig-tailed friends, adopt some of the Celestial customs? A candidate's wife might cramp her feet; or, as the Colonists won't have our peerage, why not adopt the Chinese idea of nobility and confer titles on the grandfathers of their illustrious men? The only difficulty is, that, in some of the Colonies, this might lead back to a Marquis of Fagin or a Lord Bill Sykes. The only real compliment to China which we can discover in contemporary Australian politics is the new Protectionist Society started in Melbourne; this is, now-a-days, really as Chinese as if it had been imported from Canton.

#### A CHEAP DUKE AND AN EXPENSIVE BARON.

WE were rather struck, a few weeks ago, by the almost simultaneous appearance of the two following paragraphs in the daily papers:—

The arrangements have now been completed for the erection of a memorial to Mr. Thackeray in Westminster Abbey. The Dean and Chapter have granted for this purpose a site in which Thackeray's bust will appear in companionship with those of Addison and Macaulay. The commission for the bust has been given to Baron Marochetti, who had the advantage of being his intimate friend. It has been calculated that about 600*l.* will be required, of which a third part will, according to rules of long standing, go in fees to the Chapter-house.

Letters are in town to-day from Rome, stating that the Pope has found himself suddenly the undisputed owner of the colossal Hercules, which, in an interview with his Holiness, the banker Righetti tendered as a free gift for his acceptance. The giver and receiver had known each other forty years ago, before Mastai Ferretti had any prospect of a tiara, or Righetti of a ducal coronet, which is now likely to deck his brow in acknowledgment of such munificence towards the Vatican Gallery.

We take the latter announcement first, on the ground that a prospective duke is entitled to precedence even over an actual baron, as well as on account of the singularity of the story. The proposed creation is, in truth, just one of the things which are apt to puzzle an Englishman, and to drive him, in despair of understanding any connexion between a peer and a statue, except that the former often owns the latter, into the national refuge of British contempt. Our countryman, in fact, after all that has been done to enlighten him, remains on the whole an unæsthetic being. Art is hardly yet, as Thackeray once observed, naturalized among us. And towards foreign art and foreign artists, we much fear, lamentable as this proof of "provincialism" will appear to the cosmopolitan eyes of Mr. Matthew Arnold, we still retain no small portion of that mingled contempt and aversion which more than once found expression in the satires of Hogarth. Of course it is of the average Englishman that we are here speaking. We know that the "cultivated nobleman," a hundred years ago, freely lavished his gold and filled his galleries with the *chef-d'œuvre* of the famous Italian masters who flourished during the eighteenth century, as his successor now-a-days is partial, we understand, to Messrs. Monti and Marochetti. But this esoteric doctrine of cultivation, it is seriously to be feared, does not go far; and the profane vulgar remaining still in provincial Cimmerian darkness (the natural climate, unhappily, of remote Thule), amongst its many barbarous pieces of ignorance, entertains also a special scorn for foreign titles and decorations which is very distressing to those who think that the gold is made by the stamp, or are alive to the fact that, at any rate, it is the stamp that makes the circulation of the guinea.

Absurd and vulgarly uninformed as, in sober seriousness, we hold the popular British sentiment on this matter to be, and ludicrous as the exaggerated insular pretensions on the score of our *noblesse* must seem to all who know the family annals of Europe, we are bound to admit that, at least in regard to modern Italy, the common prejudice that "everybody is a count, of course," may not by any means always be without a certain foundation. It was one of the plagues of those most unroyal little principalities which parcelled out the fair land of *Si* between them, that, whether from want of dignity in their petty courts, or from pecuniary exigencies, they were apt to confer titles upon grounds which, if not intrinsically baser than those which within a century have produced a very large proportion of existing English and Irish titles, are at least more overtly and ludicrously so. We remember one worthy merchant at Florence who owed his marquisate, we think, to having made a road up a rather steep hill. Readers will probably recall several more examples. And now, when we had thought that some reserve would in future be acted on, if only to prevent further descent in the social value of the distinction, comes that piece of news from Rome which we have reprinted above.

We give the tale, of course, simply as it has reached England. A gentleman finds a gilt statue of Hercules in a pit on his property. A conclave of artists and connoisseurs sit upon the fallen divinity. They pronounce it the finest Greek workmanship, and, as usual in these cases, cannot resist coupling it with the great and much-abused name of Phidias. Mr. Gibson even calls the Hercules "the most beautiful work of art in Rome," and, like the sculptor in a book of fables, sighs to think that "after the labour of a life, I had made such slight approaches to the perfection of the master-hand which had executed that work." We cannot but be struck by this modesty, which, we have no doubt, is quite intelligible to those who have had the happiness of surveying the bronze hero. And, indeed, we must admit that our Academician has not

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managed to give his Sir Robert Peel in the Abbey, although treating him liberally to a Roman toga, the look of a hero in any sense, oratorical or intellectual. Grave doubts, however, it must be added, are expressed, even in Rome itself—where a double tint of rose-colour, like an Italian sunset, always dyes any discovery which furnishes gossip for that little dilettante world—as to the date of the Righetti statue. Sceptics, who elsewhere busy themselves with Renan, in that capital of Christianity are content to question the age and the æsthetic inspiration of St. Hercules. “I may say,” writes the amusing “gossip” from Rome of whose letter we are availing ourselves, “that some persons here, who have every right to consideration, declare that the statue is of the Gladiatorial age, about the time of Commodus. The nose is Roman, they say” (and we groan as we hear it), “and the finish has not the delicacy of the Greek. ‘Where angels fear to tread’” (but are they not already treading? or are the committee of connoisseurs and the persons who have “every right to consideration” not of angelic nature?) “I forbear from expressing an opinion.”

“Where doctors differ,” in our more prosaic style we are satisfied to say, the unlearned in England may also do well to imitate this forbearance. But, taking his Hercules at the highest, we may certainly venture to offer our respectful congratulations to the new duke on his elevation. Will he choose the title of *Duca d’Augea*?—there is much at Rome that might seem to render it appropriate. The hero, too, deserves congratulations as well. Hercules has added a thirteenth to his immortal labours. We fear that he could only have worked this miracle on a classical soil. In England, how many excellent people with dual incomes can we reckon up, not unwilling, we may say, to accept and to do credit to the strawberry leaves, but with just as much chance of wearing them as of going up, like Hercules in the *Trachinians*, to Father Jove from the summit of Mount Ceta! If one of them could dig up a dozen bronze Hercules in Hertfordshire, or exhume the whole set of *Dii Majores* from a Lancashire coal-pit, “His Grace” would still be as remote as now. The twelve labours themselves, could he have a chance of re-performing them, would do next to nothing, we fear, with Her Majesty or Her Majesty’s advisers, even for a step in the peerage. To cleanse the Thames or the Court of Chancery might fail to pick the intrusive pearls from the coronet, let us say, even of the Marquis of London. But the deity, as Homer wrote, “can do everything.” The Heracleids have once more returned. Hercules has created his duke at a blow. Even under the disadvantage of “a Roman nose,” he has taken his banker and elevated him to the fifth heaven of titled dignity. Yet our Hercules himself, it must be remembered, is but a kind of golden *parvenu*, if he belongs only to “about the time of Commodus.” Could he trace his pedigree to the age of Pericles, could he convince us that he is really “opus Phidie,” who shall say how much higher his deliverer might have ascended? Prince Righetti, Cardinal Righetti, Pope Hercules I.—everything, as in the German nursery legend, would have been open to the thrice-lucky excavator.

It is almost like a descent to quit these serene and brilliant regions, even though we are fortunate enough not to drop straight down amongst the mere commonality. Indeed, we still remain within that atmosphere of art which is so hazy to Englishmen; as it is by a kind of art tenure, if we may so speak, that the Piedmontese sculptor of Mr. Thackeray’s bust holds his barony. The opinions which we have had reluctantly to express upon the scanty grounds of that tenure have been too often and too recently specified to render it needful for us to dwell again upon the series of non-successes which Baron Marochetti has made whenever he steps beyond the simplest forms of his art. We might be compelled to use severer phrases were he a duke, like the more fortunate Righetti; but to a baron it may be permitted, without disgrace, not to succeed in everything. And we should not vex him or his highly respected patrons even by an allusion to these mishaps, did not the well-intentioned zeal of the latter—zeal according to knowledge, it may be, yet rather knowledge of the man than of his art, as we have heard it gracefully confessed—persist in trying to commit to a foreigner work which can only be approached, with any hope of success, by an Englishman. We waive here the point of excellence in art, although it is clear that only excellence of a quality which no one would seriously claim for the sculptor in question—a sort of Shakespearian excellence—would be likely to prove an exception. But let any one look at the likenesses which French painters make of English heads (Delaroche, for example), or look at such a portrait as the English one of Goethe, and compare it with the German portraits, and we think he will see sound reasons for concluding that the Piedmontese artist who failed signally with the Duke of Wellington is likely to do no better with Lord Clyde. Nor, in the nature of things, could it well be otherwise.

But exceptions occur to the strictest of rules; and this journal, which has always done justice to M. Marochetti’s cleverness in producing effective superficial likenesses in the way of busts, would be sorry not to hope that the “advantage of being Thackeray’s intimate friend” may inspire the Baron to really successful results. Let us also hope that, as Westminster Abbey has been chosen, by the pious zeal of friends, to contain the bust of Mr. Thackeray, the sculptor may take pains to treat and to dispose his work so that it may avoid the tastelessness exhibited in the case of Sir G. C. Lewis, and be as little discordant as possible with the architecture of the Abbey. Wishing him all success in his task, we must now, as one of the outside and subscription-paying body, venture, with much diffidence, to draw particular attention

to one little fact which the paragraph already quoted contains in regard to the sum required for the Thackeray Memorial. We will premise that we have learned, from good authority, that the monument will be confined to a simple bust. “It has been ascertained that about 600*l.* will be required, of which a third part will, according to rules of long standing, go in fees to the Chapter-house.” There must be at least one mistake in this sentence. The Chapter-house, we are informed, is yet, as it has been for several centuries, in possession of the Crown, and forms no part of the Abbatial jurisdiction. Whatever fee is paid goes to the caputal body, and is both raised and expended by them on behalf of the fabric of the Abbey, which is stated to be poorly provided for. Whether the proportion of one-third be correctly given, we are not able to say. We cannot help, however, rather fancying that it is ingeniously brought in thus in order to break the effect of the truly enormous sum demanded from the subscribers. There are some rare busts, so extremely fine that, like portraits by Velasquez, they legitimately outrun all mere market valuation. But, speaking of English contemporary art, the regular established price, as most of our readers well know, is one hundred guineas. Some few artists, either on account of their popularity, or on the score of the more elaborate work which they put into these (generally) rather slight and mechanically-wrought productions, charge 150*l.* To ask 400*l.* (taking as correct the Chapter-fee at 200*l.*) is consequently a requisition which naturally demands to be put forward with a certain adroit delicacy. But we are convinced that the subscribers will feel that it is in much greater need of very distinct explanation. Such, no doubt, can be given. But even if we allow 50*l.* for the base and for the fixing (and people in the trade assure us that this would be a very liberal estimate), an immense margin remains thus far unaccounted for.

It would be false delicacy not to be outspoken on this matter, nor has any one a right to complain if we are. We blame nobody; we simply comment on a statement before us. And we will therefore observe that the prices asked by artists are just as much matter for plain discussion as any other prices current. Artists are at liberty, of course, to set what value they choose on their work, and a certain license in so doing may be fairly conceded to the circumstance that it always claims to be, and occasionally is, the work of genius. At the same time, to be in the habit of exceeding what the recognised ablest hands in the particular profession require could hardly fail to give the demand at least a colour of extortionateness. The artist, however, having fixed the price, the public is at equal liberty to canvass it. Now it has long been observed that the sums paid to M. Marochetti for his productions have been in excess, we will not here say, of their merit, but of the merit which the “provincialism” of the British public sees in them. Without the most distinct proofs, we would not, of course, impute this to any motive lower than the very elevated opinion which everybody, if he thinks fit, may entertain of his own genius. But we cannot altogether ignore the fact that already, within twelve months, this journal has found it needful to point out (and, we believe, not without due effect on possible subscribers) that the sum asked for the Baron’s “Lord Clyde” far exceeded the sum asked by Mr. Foley for that fine group of “Lord Hardinge” which we do not think the most zealous of friends can expect the Baron to surpass. We drew attention, at the same time, to the well-remembered burst of public disgust which greeted M. Marochetti’s “Scutari Monument,” and the enormous sum disbursed upon it by the nation. And we are sorry to have to add that very lately rumours were current in Academical circles of what was there spoken of in a similar tone; it being reported that another stupendous sum had been privately promised by the Board of Works, stealing thus a march upon an unbelieving House, to defray the simple casting of Sir Edwin Landseer’s famous lions, under the direction of Baron Marochetti. Should this most untoward report prove true, Mr. Cowper will of course hear more of it.

We are far from saying that all the above cases, or some of them at least, may not admit of a little more than that shrug of the official shoulders, or that frown of the august patron, which is too often accepted as an explanation. In the meantime, we would, with all due respect, suggest that in matters of price set by a man on his own work, if *noblesse oblige*, Art lays the artist under still more delicate obligations. It is obviously quite beyond or above our province to press these upon the consideration of any individual artist. Where they are not felt, a monitor would be of no service; where they are felt, he is superfluous. But if our opening paragraph be correct on this point, it is clear that the subscribers to the Thackeray Memorial should at once require an account why a sum so large relatively is asked of them for a simple bust. Such an account, as we have said, can no doubt be afforded. But it should be remembered that mismanagement on this point has been among the causes which have been fatal to many monumental projects. And although we, in accordance with an opinion for which we have often given our grounds, are unable to concur in the propriety of the site selected, yet most unwilling should we be to contemplate, in the case of our late illustrious contemporary, any such failure, or risk of failure, as has beset so many of our recent attempts rather to overpay the living than to do honour to the dead. It would be unsatisfactory that “the advantage of being Mr. Thackeray’s intimate friend” should be coupled with the idea of charging twice over for his monument.

## THE RACING SEASON OF 1864.

## II.

THE fortnight's interval between Epsom and Ascot Meetings is no longer available for repose, seeing that the Grand Prix de Paris irresistibly allures to France horses which probably have as much as they can do to get through their English engagements creditably. The Derby, as most people are aware, is run for on Wednesday; on Sunday week following comes the Grand Prix, and eight-and-forty hours afterwards begins the Ascot Meeting. The winners of the Derby and Oaks were both tempted by the splendid prize of 6,000*l.* and upwards to cross the Channel, and it was some consolation for Blair Athol's defeat by Vermont to see that Fille de l'Air was beaten even more completely. If Blair Athol had continued on the Turf, a second meeting between him and Vermont would have been perhaps the most interesting event which the year 1865 could show; but Blair Athol ran his last race at Doncaster, and the only honour which he has gained since the St. Leger is that of being sold for the handsome price of 7,500*l.* The purchaser, Mr. Jackson, was reported to have won large sums over Blair Athol's races; and he could not have applied a portion of his winnings better than in thus securing to the county which bred Blair Athol the benefit of his services as a stud-horse. The winner of the Derby and St. Leger is located a few miles from York; and it is announced that his subscription is already full, so that his owner will receive in his first year upwards of 1,500*l.*, and thus the patriotism which kept this good thing from going abroad is likely to turn out profitable.

If there had not been a fatal railway accident on the South-Western line, the Ascot Meeting might be remembered with unmingled pleasure. The weather, on the whole, was brilliant, the racing was good all through, and of course everybody, high and low, was there. The presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales seems always to bring luck to the yellow jacket of Mr. Merry, who won on the Cup day four races out of eight. That day, no doubt, is often in the thoughts of the present backers of the Russley stable, for it saw perhaps the best performances of the two-year-olds Liddington and Zambesi, and it also proved that no great mistake had been made in estimating the capability of Scottish Chief. In the race for the Cup, Scottish Chief beat Little Stag, of his own year, by six lengths; and he in turn beat Lord Zetland, of the same year, by half that distance. No other horse faced during the last two hundred yards, although the field comprised Lord Clifden and The Ranger. This fact goes to prove the unusual excellence of the three-year-olds of 1864, as does also Young Rapid's victory for the Gold Vase over Fairwater, at 19 lbs. for three years. The indefatigable Fille de l'Air, having been beaten at Paris on Sunday, appeared at Ascot in the Prince of Wales' Stakes on Tuesday, and met Ely at only 1 lb. difference of weight. In spite of the penalties which they both carried, they galloped away from all the rest of the field, but it was not a close race between the two, for Ely won easily by two lengths. Blair Athol had the advantage of delaying his appearance until Friday, and it was not perhaps surprising that Ely, who had beaten the winner of the Oaks, should be backed against the winner of the Derby. But Blair Athol on this day was all himself, and he made Ely's friends regret their rashness, although he was so lazy as almost to need pushing to the starting-post. The Ascot Stakes fell to Hippolyta, and the Alexandra Plate to Anglo-Saxon, both three-year-olds, and thus the goodness of the year was still further manifested. The meetings on Stockbridge course, held a fortnight after Ascot, were only less important because they did not enjoy such exalted patronage. The racing was of the highest quality. Fairwater took her revenge on Young Rapid for the defeat at Ascot by beating him by a dozen lengths, having, however, a trifling advantage in weight as compared with the previous race. The residue of the field "pulling up some distance from home" made a pitiable exhibition, and yet it included Catch-em-Alive, winner of the Cambridgeshire in 1863. On the same day, Ely beat Cambuscan, with Ackworth, winner of this year's Cambridgeshire, a bad third; and Birch Broom, who was so much talked of for the Derby, made a fine race with The Clown, of the same year, for the Stockbridge Cup, and only lost it by a head. We should have noticed that in the week between Ascot and Stockbridge was held, as usual, the Cockney meeting at Hampton. The difficulty of clearing the course at this meeting has become almost an impossibility; and we cannot help thinking it is very fortunate that the proposal for holding races at Alexandra Park has been laid aside, seeing that the crowd assembled there would probably be very much larger than at Hampton, and would certainly not be less unruly.

Goodwood was not quite so lucky as Ascot in point of weather; but, by way of compensation, the hardness of the ground was not felt here quite so severely as on some other courses. The Goodwood Cup was won, after a magnificent race, by Dollar, who has proved during the year that the French got a good thing from us when they bought The Flying Dutchman. Dollar, and the two horses next to him for the Cup, were all four-year-olds, and the winner of the Goodwood Stakes, Blondin, was a four-year-old also; so that this meeting rather tended to restore the credit of older horses as against three-year-olds, who, at Ascot, had carried everything before them. A month elapsed between Goodwood and York, and the ground had been getting harder every day. Moreover, the soil at York has a special capacity for hardening, so that the

meeting on Knavesmire was held under unusual difficulties. It was expected that Blair Athol, General Peel, and Ely would meet for the Great Yorkshire Stakes, but the hardness of the ground induced Lord Glasgow to reserve his horse for Doncaster; and, in the absence of General Peel, it was assumed that nothing could beat Blair Athol, although he had to give 7 lbs. to everything in the field. Blair Athol was ridden to beat Ely, and he did beat him; but it seemed that Challoner had not taken sufficient account of Miner, who was skillfully brought up by Osborne with a rush which Challoner had not time, even if Blair Athol had had speed, to answer. Thus the winner of the Derby got beaten by a length, and those who opposed his pretensions for the St. Leger gained a confidence which cost them dear. There is almost always something particularly pleasant to look back upon in connexion with the York Cup. In 1863 Macaroni, who was then looking his very best, won the Cup in such style as became a winner of the Two Thousand and the Derby. In 1864 the Cup was won by Caller Ou, after a magnificent contest with Rapid Rhone and East Lancashire. It was fitting that the York Cup should go to this famous Yorkshire mare, who has run in almost every county in England, and won in many. During the last season Caller Ou started seventeen times, and she won ten Queen's Plates, and also the Northumberland Plate and the York Cup. Besides all this public work, she must have undergone some severe exercises in private in leading Blair Athol in his gallops. It is hardly likely she will see another season upon the Turf, unless indeed she be kept in training for the purpose of rendering to Brendalbans the same services as she did to Blair Athol. In due time we may hope to see children of Caller Ou endowed with the family gift of going; and though it would be unsafe to expect great things from the first foal of a mare who has done so much work, her second foal ought not to be far from the measure of a Derby winner.

Although it is allowed that the season was unusually prolific of good three-year-olds, the number of starters for the St. Leger was only ten, and not more than six or seven of them could fairly be said to have a shadow of a chance. Perhaps this race was never regarded with more intense interest; and after Miner had proved at York that Blair Athol was not invincible, the numerous partisans of General Peel in all parts of the kingdom grew sanguine in their hope that the second horse in the Derby would be found first in the St. Leger. There never was a more complete mistake, for Blair Athol won at Doncaster much more easily than he won at Epsom, and he did this in spite of a kick on the knee which would have stopped many horses, and might have been deemed a sufficient excuse for losing the race. This kick did at any rate prevent Blair Athol's starting for the Doncaster Cup, and thus that coveted trophy fell to General Peel, who, however, only beat Hippolyta through having the race run exactly to suit him. As Blair Athol's reputation will endure as long as the races in which he gained it, there may be some interest in the remark that the whole of this horse's public career was comprised within four months. He won the Derby on May 25. He was beaten at Paris. He won at Ascot. He won one race, and walked over for another, at Goodwood. He was beaten at York. He won the St. Leger on Sept. 14, and on that day the public saw the last of him, if indeed they were able to see anything in the blinding storm amid which the race was run.

The great autumn handicaps at Newmarket excited the usual amount of speculation, and there were some other races which surpassed the handicaps in all elements of interest except the amount of money involved. Baragah had beaten Ely at Goodwood, and Ely in return beat Baragah in the First October Meeting. At the same meeting, Ely beat Tomato at weight for sex. At the Second October Meeting came off the match between Cambuscan and General Peel, which Cambuscan won, carrying 2 lbs. less than his antagonist. It will be remembered that General Peel only beat Cambuscan for second place in the St. Leger by a head. At the same meeting, Fille de l'Air won both the Newmarket Derby and Oaks, so that it may be said that nearly all the English horses and mares of her year were either beaten by her, or declined to meet her. We last encountered her at Ascot, getting beaten by Ely immediately after her defeat by Vermont and Blair Athol at Paris. Later in the season, she and Vermont may be said to have fought their quarrel out. They met at Baden twice, and each gained a victory. It is to be observed, however, that when Vermont won, Fille de l'Air was giving weight to him, whereas properly he should have given weight to her. Afterwards Vermont was brought to Paris, and his friends were anticipating for him a walk over, when Fille de l'Air arrived from England and inflicted on him a defeat, which may well be considered as decisive. At the Houghton Meeting, which is the last of the season at Newmarket, Fille de l'Air was put to a task beyond her power. In a handicap sweepstakes for three-year-olds, she had to give 17 lbs. to Master Richard and 11 lbs. to Baragah, while Cambuscan only carried 2 lbs. more than she did, being, as we know from his match with General Peel, as good as the second horse in the St. Leger. Fille de l'Air was obliged to yield both to Master Richard and Baragah, and it is likely that Cambuscan also would have beaten her if he had been persevered with. During the season this mare ran in England and abroad fifteen times, and she scored nine victories. It is mainly due to her exertions that Count Lagrange stands next to Mr. l'Anson, the owner of Blair Athol, in amount of winnings upon the English Turf in 1864. She began her season by a defeat at Newmarket, and she ended it by another defeat at the same place; and yet there can be no doubt that she is one of the best mares that ever ran. The sport of 1864 has

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been, on the whole, as brilliant as the weather, and we can hardly expect that the season to which we are now beginning to look forward will be one of equal splendour.

## REVIEWS.

## THE MEMOIRS OF COMINES.\*

**PHILIPPE DE COMINES** was the second great French historian, Froissart being the first, and in the whole of that long list which has been so brilliantly continued down to our own days it would be difficult to find a more interesting work than his. Its freshness, its perfect simplicity, the entire absence on the part of the author of any sort of affectation or straining after literary excellence, unite to call up before us with singular vividness the general character of the age in which it was written. It puts before us the France and the French Court of the fifteenth century, and, above all, the real original Frenchman as he was before he got his head turned by the Revolution and the nineteenth century, with incomparable vivacity. In order to make our observations upon it intelligible, it may perhaps be desirable to recall very shortly the principal events in the life of Comines himself.

He was born in 1447, and was brought up in the service of Charles the Bold, the great Duke of Burgundy, to whose Court he was taken in 1454, at the age of seventeen. He was present at the battle of Montlhéry in 1465, in which Louis XI. fought with the nobles who formed the league "du Bien Public." In 1468, Louis XI., as all readers of *Quentin Durward* will remember, put himself in the power of Charles the Bold by visiting him at Peronne, where he was forced, amongst other things, to submit to the degradation of assisting Charles to take Liège, which he had himself excited to revolt. Comines gave Louis the information which enabled him to come to terms with his host. This service made so great an impression on the King that, when Comines was sent on an embassy to him by Charles in 1472, Louis thought it worth his while to buy him. This he did at a great price, for as soon as Comines came to Court, he received the place of Chamberlain to the King, with a pension of 6,000 livres, the governorship of the Castle of Chinon, and the principality of Talmont. This property, with its dependencies, included a large district in Poitou, to which Louis himself had a very bad title, as he had extorted a sale of it at a miserably low price from an owner who himself had no right to sell it. Besides this rich gift, Comines was further advanced by a marriage with Helènes de Cambrés, through whom he acquired the estate of Argenton, by which name he often calls himself in his Memoirs. Comines continued in the service of Louis XI. till his death in 1483. The principal events of these eleven years were the English invasion by Edward IV. in 1475; the transactions between Louis XI. and Charles the Bold, which were always hostile, and which were brought to a close by the death of Charles, at Nancy, on the 5th of January, 1477, after the defeats at Granson and Morat in 1476; and an embassy to Florence which Comines undertook in 1478. The bulk, and by far the most interesting part, of the Memoirs relates to these subjects, and concludes with an account of the death and character of Louis XI.

Even before the death of that sovereign, the La Tremouille family, who had been despoiled in favour of Comines, had disputed the validity of the royal grants made to their prejudice, and the Parliament of Paris showed great courage in resisting their ratification. Upon the death of Louis, the litigation naturally became hotter, and dragged itself on for many years, until at length it ended in the defeat of Comines, who had to surrender everything except what he had got with his wife. He struggled against this with almost passionate tenacity, resorting to every conceivable artifice in order to defeat, or at all events to delay, justice, and in the course of the proceedings he was imprisoned for two years in the Conciergerie. In 1492 he was released from his confinement and taken into the Council of Charles VIII., whom he accompanied on his Italian expedition. He also undertook an embassy to Venice in 1494. He served in the Court till the death of Charles, in April, 1498, when he retired from public life. He died on the 18th of October, 1511.

Comines was thus placed in the very centre of public affairs during one of the critical periods of European history, for in his time France was consolidated, America and the printing-press were discovered, and the Reformation was, so to speak, brought to the birth. All this he saw with the eyes of a man of extraordinary natural powers, cultivated almost exclusively by experience, for his reading appears to have been confined to a few French translations of the classics. It is worth while to see what such a man thought of the world in which he lived and the people amongst whom he passed his life.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the Memoirs of Comines is their authenticity. He never, or hardly ever, makes a statement except on the authority of his own senses, or at least on that of eye-witnesses with whom he was acquainted, and he never makes a single reflection which is not suggested by his own experience. So rich, however, was the vein of reflection which ran through his mind, that his book contains probably a greater proportion of matter of this kind than any other book of the

same sort of merit. He grounds some inference upon almost everything that happens. He thus draws by degrees a full-length portrait both of his age and himself, and a very striking one it is.

The great central figure of Comines' Memoirs is Louis XI., but, admirable as is the portrait of that monarch, it is by no means purely personal. Louis himself obviously made a profound impression on Comines. Even in those well-known passages which supplied Sir Walter Scott and M. Hugo with the materials of the pictures given in *Quentin Durward* and *Notre Dame de Paris*, Comines never for a moment despises his hero. He uniformly views him as a great king and good man. He hopes that his sorrows have opened heaven to him, and he says of his powers "il sembloit mieulx pour seigneurir ung monde que ung royaume." Great, however, as was his admiration for the King, Comines never forgot his political in his personal capacity. It is as the King of France that he admires and almost worships him, nor does he ever cease to write and think like a statesman, though he introduces details as graphically and skilfully as Boswell himself. The details of course stick in the memory, and form the staple of the representations of historical novelists. That Louis wore little leaden images of saints in his hat, that he mixed the most trifling and contemptible superstitions with all his actions, are facts known to every one. That there was that about him which impressed the ablest man of his age with profound veneration, that with all his pettiness he must have been a great man and not altogether a bad one, is the leading impression which any one would get from reading through the whole of Comines' book. The most striking point in his estimate, not only of Louis XI., but of the other great men of whom he has occasion to write, is his essentially statesmanlike practical way of looking at everything. He says of his Memoirs:—

Je fais mon compte que bestes, ne simples gens ne s'amuseront point à lire ces mémoires; mais princes ou autres gens de cour y trouveront de bons advisemens à mon advis.

Hence he never for an instant falls into commonplaces. Whatever he says he means, and, before all other things in the world, he admires, praises, and almost worships political success. The earnestness, the fixity of purpose, the perfect superiority to all pretence or personal vanity, the strong grasp of reality which Mr. Carlyle is fond of describing as "veracity" even when it appears in great liars, were all characteristics of Louis XI., and they appear to have exercised over Comines a sort of fascination. He is never tired of praising him as a man altogether above the prejudices and foibles of his rank, and void of that sort of vanity which is generally inseparable from the position of a king. He draws, for instance, a marvellous picture of the way in which Louis flattered and completely duped Edward IV. when he invaded France in 1475, under circumstances which no doubt afforded him an opportunity of renewing the devastations of Edward III. and Henry V. The contest between the handsome, lazy, self-indulgent soldier, and the wily old politician who did what he liked with him and his army, is worked out at full length, and with inimitable art. The mere telling of the story enables one to understand, not without a certain twinge of patriotic feeling, the remark with which Comines concludes his account of the matter:—

Sans point de doute les Anglois ne sont pas si subtils en traictes et en appointemens comme sont les François, et quelque chose que l'on en dise, ils vont assez grossièrement en besongne; mais il faut avoir un peu de patience et ne point débattre coleriquement avec eux.

Charles the Bold is almost as good a foil to Louis XI. in the hands of Comines as Edward IV., and there are perhaps few more amusing or characteristic passages in modern history than Comines' account of the way in which Louis watched for and received the news of the defeat of Charles by the Swiss, and of the steps by which he hastened his downfall and reaped the advantage of it. When Louis heard of the battle of Granson, which was a mere rout, he "en eut très grant joye, et ne lui déplaisoit que du petit nombre de gens qui avoient esté perdus." After the death of the Duke before Nancy, Louis was so overjoyed, "que à grant peine sceut il quelle contenance tenir." He instantly sent out for all the officers then in Tours and made them dine with him. They affected to be much gratified, but Comines doubted their sincerity, for they were by no means pleased at the fall of the aristocracy and the rise of the royal power. He carefully watched their faces at dinner:—

Scay bien que moy et aultres prinsmes garde comme diseroient, et de quel appetit, ceulx qui estoient en ceste table; mais à la verité (je ne scay si c'estoit de joie ou de tristesse) ung seul par semblant ne mangea la moitié de son saoul.

It must have been a very pleasant party, with such a host at the top of the table and such a reporter at the bottom.

Comines' profound appreciation of the greatness of Louis XI. is the more remarkable, because he had the keenest appreciation of the weak side of his character, for which, it must be noticed, he did not in the least despise him. He fully understood that he was a great liar, and did not like him the less for it. He tells, for instance, without the least disapproval, the marvellous and well-known story of the cross of St. Lo. Louis wanted to get the Constable St. Pol into his power, no doubt in order to put him to death:—

Le dict connestable estoit bien content de venir pourveu que le Roy feist serment sur la croix Sainct Lou d'Angers de ne faire nul mal à sa personne, ne consertir que aultre le feist. . . . et à cela lui respondit le Roy que jamais ne ferait ce serment à homme; mais tout aultre serment que le dict connestable luy vouloit demander qu'il estoit content de le faire. Vous pouvez

\* *Mémoires de Philippe de Comines.*

bien entendre que en grant travail d'esprit estoit le Roy et aussi le dict conestable; car il ne passoit ung seul jour pour une espace de temps qu'il n'allast gens de l'ung à l'autre sur le fait de ce serment. Et qui bien y penseroit, c'est miserable vie que la nostre de tant prendre de peine et de travail pour s'abreger la vie en disant et escriptant tant de choses presque opposites à leurs pensées.

There is in this story, often as it has been told, something that distances all comment. There is a sort of sublimity about the absolutely "unmoral" state of mind (to borrow an expression of Mr. F. Newman's) which it reveals. It goes, however, to the very bottom of the characters of Louis XI. and of his biographer. They were thoroughly practical men, they were intensely interested in life, they were perhaps as unscrupulous as it is possible for people to be; but there was one thing in which with their whole hearts they did believe, and that one thing was hell. Comines' theory of life may be summed up by saying that he wanted to get all he possibly could without being damned for it. He and his master were thoroughly afraid of that, though they were willing to run considerable risks. Comines himself develops this theory with his usual straightforward simplicity. All the evils of life, he says, come from want of faith and want of sense:—

Mais principalement faute de foy. . . Car le povre homme qui auroit vraye foy et bonne, quelqu'il soit et qui croyoit fermement les peines d'enfer estre telles que veritablement elles sont, &c. S'ils avoient donc ferme foy, et qu'ils creussent ce que Dieu et l'Eglise nous commande sur peine de dampnation, congnoissons leurs jours estre si briefz, les peines d'enfer estre si horribles, et sans nulle fin ni remission pour les dampnez, feroient-ils ce qu'ilz font? Il faut conclure que non, et que tous les maux viennent de faute de foy.

It is hardly too much to say that a belief in hell, and in the efficacy of certain devices for avoiding it, made up the whole creed of Louis XI. and Comines.

Nothing sets this in a clearer light than the account given by Comines of Louis XI.'s death-bed. It is perhaps the most vivid and life-like passage in his book. When Louis found himself in danger, he was in the most awful fright. Like most of the kings of France, he feared death intensely, notwithstanding his undoubted personal courage. He tried every sort of device to escape. He sent to Calabria for St. Francis de Paule, the founder of an ascetic order, and when he arrived, went on his knees before him, begging him "qu'il lui pleust alonger sa vie." He wrote to Sixtus IV. for relics, and was obliged by the loan of "le corporal sur quoy chantoit Monseigneur Saint Pierre." With a good deal of difficulty, he got from Rheims the holy oil with which the kings of France were crowned:—

Beaucoup de gens cuydoient qu'il s'en voulsist oindre tout le corps, ce qui n'est pas vrayemblable, car la dicte Sainte Ampolle est fort petite et n'y a pas grant matière dedans.

The Sultan Bajazet offered him any quantity of relics if he would agree to keep Djem, Bajazet's brother, in prison. Besides these spiritual arts, he used all sorts of temporal means, bribing his physician to the extent of 54,000 crowns in five months to keep him alive:—

Ledit medecin lui estoit si très rude que l'on ne droit point à ung varlet les ontraigeuses et rudes parolles qu'il lui disoit.

If he could not avoid death, he used the strangest devices to conceal from his subjects the fact that he was dying:—

Il remuoit offices et cassoit gens d'armes, rongnoit pensions ou ostoit de tous poincts, et me dict, peu de jours avant sa mort, qu'il passoit temps à faire et à defaire gens; et faisoit plus parler de luy parmy le royaume qu'il ne feît jamais, et le faisoit de paour qu'on le tinst pour mort.

Another wonderful trick for the same purpose was that he bought strange beasts in every part of Europe, horses from Naples, "une espèce de petiz lyons" from Barbary, elks and reindeer from Sweden—all in order to keep people talking about him, and aware of his existence.

At last it became clear that he must die. Three of his courtiers—

signifierent à nostre Roy sa mort en briefves parolles et rudes. . . Quelle douleur luy fut d'ouyr cette nouvelle! Car onques homme ne craignit tant la mort, ny ne feît tant de choses pour cuyder y mettre remede.

He had begged his servants to break the news to him gently. They were to say to him "parlez peu," and advise him to confess himself "sans lui prononcer ce cruel mot de la mort; car il luy sembloit n'avoir jamais cueur pour ouyr une si cruelle sentence." At last, "il lui falloir passer par où ont passé les autres," and the strange scene was over.

Strangely grotesque and horrible as was the death-bed of Louis XI., it matched exactly with the vein of thought which gave colour to the whole of Comines' reflections. Almost all the incidents mentioned in his book, and some elaborate and most curious chapters specially dedicated to the purpose, are filled with remarks on the providential government of the world. His view of this great subject was utterly unlike that which prevails amongst reasonable men in our own time. In these days that government is traced in the general order and connexion of events, and in the moral purposes which they may be supposed to bring about by degrees; and the doctrine of a general progressive improvement in human affairs is so closely connected with that of a Divine government that it would be difficult to find an instance in which the two were separated. There is not a trace of this sort of view in Comines. With him the Divine government of the world means the occasional intervention of God for the purpose of producing some unexpected event. On every unexpected occasion,

according to him, "Deus interest," even if the knot were not very worthy of the occasion. His book supplies innumerable instances of this, but perhaps the most remarkable, and certainly the most general, of his speculations on the subject is to be found in the 18th chapter of the 5th book. At the end of the 17th chapter, in which he had been describing the misdeeds of the men of Ghent, he asks the curious question why God made Ghent?

Ne puis penser comment Dieu a tant preservé cette ville de Gand dont tant est advenu de maux, et qui est de si peu d'utilité pour le pays . . . et n'est pas comme Bruges qui est grand recueil de marchandise.

He settles this somewhat puzzling inquiry by an elaborate chapter showing that—

Dieu n'a créé nulle chose en ce monde, ny hommes, ny bestes, à qui il n'a fait quelque chose son contraire pour le tenir en crainte et en humilité.

The English were made to vex the French, the Scotch were made to vex the English, the free towns of Italy were set over against the princes, Venice was opposed to Florence, the Genoese were plagued by "their bad government and want of good faith amongst themselves." In a word, all things are double one against the other. The great object is to scourge us all by our own and our neighbours' vices:—

Ainsi doncques est vrayemblable que Dieu est presque efforé et contrainct, ou semons de monstrier plusieurs signes, et de nous battre de plusieurs verges par nostre bestialité et par nostre mauvaistie.

The "bestiality" of princes is, however, the great object of Divine punishments. They cannot otherwise be punished, and they must be punished thus. It is curious and characteristic that the one notion which Comines entertains of God is that of a punisher of oppressions and crimes, and that his one notion of religion is a belief in punishments. The dismal view of human nature and of the general character of public affairs which this displays finds vent in other ways. For instance, Comines gives a chapter to the subject of the importance of history to princes. It tells them, he says, what lies have been told in former times, and so puts them on their guard:—

Est grant advantage aux princes d'avoir veu des hystoires en leur jeunesse; esquel se voyent largement de telles assemblées, et de grans fraudes, tromperies et parjurements que aucuns des anciens ont faict les ungz vers les autres.

It is sad to think that history should have presented itself to the eyes of so remarkable a man as a vast Newgate Calendar, well calculated to teach those who read it to take care of their pockets.

Apart from his constant indirect preaching, there are an infinite number of curious remarks in Comines on all sorts of subjects. Though morality was not his strong point, he was by no means callous or brutal. At every act of cruelty which he has occasion to relate he expresses his indignation most vigorously, and with all his admiration for Louis XI. he fully admits his faults, and even dwells upon them at length. There is a well-known chapter in which he dilates upon the iniquity of the power of arbitrary taxation, usurped by Charles VII., and continued by his successors till the great Revolution. "He inflicted," he says, "on the nation a terrible wound, which will long bleed." He also insists with great force, and with a profound knowledge of the national character of the French, on the iniquity of tyrannizing over them. He says, with perfect truth, that no people in the world are more attached to their rulers, more eager to preserve their power and greatness, or more ready to make sacrifices for every national purpose; and he asks, with irresistible force, whether it would not be far more glorious to be voluntarily chosen and supported as the head of such a people than to rule them by main force? It is in this chapter on the excellence of Parliamentary government (Book V. chap. xix.) that the famous observation on England occurs:—

Entre toutes les seigneuries du monde dont j'ay congnoissance ou la chose publique est mieulx traitée, ou regne moins de violence sur le peuple, ou il n'y a nulz edifices abbatuz ny desmolis pour guerre, c'est l'Angleterre.

This, it should be remembered, was written when England had just come to the end of one of the longest, fiercest, and bloodiest of all the civil wars of the middle ages. Probably Towton Field and Mortimer's Cross were the bloodiest battles of that age, yet so sound was the general constitution of the country that it won this praise from such an observer as Comines.

In English literature there is no such name as that of Comines to be found in the fifteenth, or indeed in the following, century. Clarendon was born just a hundred years after his death, and there is a certain sort of resemblance in the fortunes and also in the writings of the two men, though there is also a great contrast. Clarendon was far superior to Comines (as indeed was inevitable) in education, in enlargement of mind, and in moral feeling, but he had not the same mother wit. The great difference between them, however, was in their temperaments. Both were saddened by the events of their lives, both join in writing after the manner of the Book of Ecclesiastes; but Clarendon somehow always conveys the impression that his stately and magnificent melancholy did not really go very deep, that it rather suited him, and that he was not altogether sorry to have gone through so many vicissitudes, and said so many dignified things about them. Comines, on the other hand, shows a real and deep feeling of the various evils of life, but he never loses a certain natural fund of gaiety and cheerfulness, and a keen sense of humour, which are rarely seen in modern Frenchmen. He is never lachrymose or sentimental even when he takes the darkest view of things, and there is always a hidden vein of cheerfulness in his most solemn reflections. Take, for instance, his reflections on the death of the great kings whom he had known

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and served, and observe the liking which he obviously feels for human nature with all its faults, and the touch of gentleness which he contrives to infuse into the old text of *Vanity of Vanities*. Observe, too, the grim humour with which he limits his pious hopes to Christians:—

Or voyez vous la mort de tant de grans hommes, en si peu de temps, qui tant ont travaillé pour s'acroistre et pour avoir gloire, et tant en ont souffert de passions et de peines, et abrégé leur vie et par adventure leurs ames en pourrout souffrir. En ce cy ne parle point dudit Turc: car je tiens ce point pour vnydè, et qu'il est logé avec ses predecesseurs. De nostre roy, j'ay esperance (comme j'ay dict) que nostre Seigneur ait eu misericorde de luy, et aussi aura il des autres, s'il luy plaist. Mais, à parler naturellement (comme homme qui n'a grant sens naturel ne acquis, mais quelque peu d'experience), ne luy eust il point mieulx vallu et à tous autres princes, et hommes de moyen état, qui ont vescu souz ces grans, et vivront souz ceulx qui regnent, eslire le moyen chemin en ces choses? C'est assavoir moins se soucier et moins se travailler, et entreprendre moins de choses: plus craindre à offenser Dieu, et à persecuter le peuple et leurs voisins, par tant de voyes cruelles que assez ay declarées par cy devant, et prendre des ayses et plaisirs honestes! Leurs vies en seroient plus longues; les maladies en viendroient plus tard; et leur mort en seroit plus regretée et de plus de gens, et moins désirée; et auroient moins de doute de la mort. Pourroit l'on veoir de plus beaux exemples pour cognoistre que c'est peu de chose que de l'homme, et que ceste vie est miserable et briefve, et que ce n'est riens des grans ne des petiz des ce qu'ilz sont mors; que tout homme en a le corps en horreur et vitupere, et qu'il fault que l'ame, sur l'heure qu'elle se separe d'eulx, aille recevoir son jugement. Et ja la sentence est donnée selon les œuvres et merites du corps.

#### DRAMATIC WORKS OF ALFRED DE VIGNY.\*

ALTHOUGH neither a profound thinker nor a powerful writer, M. Alfred de Vigny may be said to have left his mark on French dramatic literature. He was among the first to feel and declare the inadequacy of the dramatic forms which were the inheritance of his generation to convey a large picture of human life, in which the characters should be true to nature, and the incidents such as actually occur. The lustre which surrounds the names of Corneille and Racine did not blind him to the mischief of those artificial restraints which their school imposed on the free flow of dramatic ideas. He was struck by its want of breadth and its want of fibre, and ridiculed very happily the absurd inflation and narrow conventionalism of the dramatic epic style. Every tragedy was a catastrophe or unravelling of an action already ripe at the rising of the curtain, which was held by a single thread, and had but to fall. To this condition it owed its poverty of incident, its crudeness of development, its false pauses, followed by a precipitate end. All was harmonious, but there was a dearth of matter, and this led to the substitution of *parts* for characters, abstractions and personifications for men and women. Nothing can be better than the following description of the legitimate French tragedy:—"Dans des vestibules qui ne menaient à rien, il fallait des personnages n'allant nulle part, parlant de peu de chose, avec des idées indéfinies et des paroles vagues, un peu agitées par des sentimens mitigés, des passions paisibles, et arrivant ainsi à une mort gracieuse ou à un soupir faux." The genius of this pale and shadowy drama is Politeness. Under this influence, truthfulness of delineation is banished as coarseness, simplicity as extravagance, and poetry as eccentricity. All is reduced to one dead level. The individuality, the variety, of nature is utterly lost. A drama purports to present to the spectator a group of persons who are brought together to talk of their affairs. Each of them should talk in language appropriate to his birth, knowledge, or station. He should be concise or diffuse, off-hand or measured, prodigal or chary of ornament, according to his character, age, and tendencies. The polished rigidity of the "*Système Racinien*," as M. de Vigny calls it, prevents it from being a faithful mirror of the almost infinite varieties and combinations of which human life is composed. Instead of adapting itself to them, it forces them to yield to its Procrustean rule. Father and child, master and servant, sovereign and subject, all feel the same sentiment and talk the same high polite. The simplest word is disguised under a euphemism or periphrasis. In the letter which serves as preface to his version of *Othello*, M. de Vigny ridicules the prudery which in French tragedy strictly forbade the calling a spade a spade. It took ninety-eight years, he observes, to induce Melpomene to utter aloud the word "mouchoir." The following were the steps by which she ultimately succeeded in adding that alarming word to her vocabulary. In 1732, a play named *Zahra*, bearing a strong family likeness to *Othello*, made its appearance. A letter was substituted for the handkerchief which conduces so fatally to the catastrophe. Sixty years after, a tragedy with the same general features, but a different name, cropped up; and this time Melpomene was on the point of adopting the handkerchief; but whether it was too hazardous, in the time of the Directory, to appear with a handkerchief, or whether, on the contrary, something more costly was wanted, she put it by a second time, introducing in its stead a band of diamonds. Finally in 1829, thanks to Shakspeare, or rather to the good taste of his interpreter, the cause of plain speech triumphed, and the momentous word was uttered for the first time on the Parisian stage.

A Frenchman who could hold this language five-and-thirty years ago is entitled to respect, not only on account of the candour and healthy artistic feeling which prompted him to write thus, but the courage also with which his opinions were avowed. There were prejudices which it might offend to speak of the system of

Corneille and Racine as a decadent expiring system, and to advocate its supersession by a new or Shakspearian system, based on truth, and nature, and actuality. Looking back to the period which has intervened since 1829, we may fairly doubt whether the Romantic drama has fulfilled the expectations entertained of it at its dawn. Stricken with mediocrity, it has failed to burst the fetters of routine, or destroy the prestige of the system which it was intended to supplant. Some master exponent of the new creed may perhaps arise who shall draw the national sympathies after him, and wean them from the old models to which taste and usage makes them cling. But M. Alfred de Vigny had no pretensions to be that man. The decorous artificiality of French tragedy as it had descended to his day was nauseous to him. He yearned to breathe new life into it, by applying the touchstone of strong human passion. But he did not possess the requisite genius to effect all that he desired. His performance as a dramatic author falls short of his professions. So far as it goes, it is true to the principle upon which he would have the drama based, but it is wanting both in creative power and penetrative force. Perhaps he might have accomplished more in a cause about which he was so sanguine, if he had gauged more thoroughly the causes of the strength of "the Racinian system" which he depreciates. Or it may have been that, in a certain sense, he fell a victim to that very freedom from the tyranny of rules which he claimed for the dramatist. "La liberté," he says in his letter to an English nobleman, "donnant tout à la fois, multiplie à l'infini les difficultés du choix, et ôte tous les points d'appui." His intellect was not of that powerful and self-reliant order that could afford to dispense with the aid of traditional methods.

M. de Vigny is fond of making some one thought or sentiment the basis of his dramas. The key-note in his *Chatterton* is the injustice of society to poets:—

J'ai voulu [he says in his preface] montrer l'homme spiritualiste étouffé par une société matérialiste, où le calculateur avare exploite sans pitié l'intelligence et le travail. Je n'ai point prétendu justifier les actes désespérés des malheureux, mais protester contre l'indifférence qui les y contraint. Peut-on frapper trop fort contre l'indifférence si difficile à éveiller, sur la distraction si difficile à fixer? Y a-t-il un autre moyen de toucher la société que de lui montrer la torture de ses victimes?

It is easy to see that circumstances lent an exceptional pathos to the story of *Chatterton*, but there have been few instances of unappreciated genius in which society was really so little to blame. No one can contemplate his career calmly and dispassionately without seeing that Chatterton himself was the chief obstacle to Chatterton's success. The world was not unduly slow to acknowledge his poetical claims; he himself was morbidly impatient for that acknowledgment. He was not so much the victim of society as the victim of his own vanity. As the text of an invective against the cruel indifference which men of genius are doomed to encounter, some more appropriate name might have been selected. We say "name" advisedly, because the resemblance between the Chatterton of this drama and the Chatterton of real life is little more than nominal. The right of an author to adapt a true story to the exigencies of his dramatic purpose is undeniable, but it is a right to be exercised with discretion. We cannot see that much has been gained in this case by a departure from fact. The pathos of Chatterton's story sensibly evaporates under the manipulation to which it is subjected. We are introduced to a young man who, instead of being the son of a poor schoolmaster and the apprentice of a Bristol attorney, is apparently of good birth, and educated at Oxford in the company of young lords. To his other miseries is added that of a hopeless attachment to Kitty Bell, the wife of a London tradesman, "gonflé d'ale, de porter, et de roast beef." His idea of love-making is to present her with a Bible—as unlikely a way for the real Chatterton to testify his admiration of the fair sex as one can well imagine. His passion, which is secretly returned by the lady, is kept within bounds by the friendly counsels of an old Quaker, who takes a fatherly interest in the whole household. A fatality seems to attend the efforts of French writers to describe English life and manners. They are seldom free from absurdity. Even an educated and enlightened writer like M. Alfred de Vigny can represent the young nobles of George III.'s Court hunting the fox on Primrose Hill, and hobnobbing with the *bourgeoisie* of London. He evidently shared, too, the enthusiasm of his fellow-countrymen on the subject of the Lord Mayor. "Lord Beckford" is ushered in with a rare flourish of trumpets, towards the end of the drama, as the *deus ex machina* who is to save Chatterton. For this incident there is some foundation in fact. It is well known that Chatterton had addressed an essay to the "patriot" Lord Mayor, and built great hopes on his patronage. When told of his death, he is said to have exclaimed that he was "ruined." In the French drama, the intervention of Beckford hastens the catastrophe. He insults the sensitive young poet by offering him the post of his first *valet de chambre*. Upon this Chatterton retires to his bedroom, and, while the young lords carouse below stairs, takes poison. Kitty Bell dies, apparently from sympathy. This strange medley does not pretend to be an authentic account of Chatterton. The facts of his life, the author tells us, have been purposely altered; and that being so, it would have been better not to have retained the name. A far more serious blemish appears to us to be this—that the simple pathos of the story is lost in the glitter of French sentiment with which it is overlaid.

*La Maréchale d'Ancre* is smoothly written, and contains some striking situations. In it M. de Vigny has represented the overthrow of the Concini faction, during the minority of Louis XIII.,

\* *Dramatic Works of Alfred de Vigny.* By Michel Lévy Frères. Paris: 1864.

as the Nemesis which overtook them for their complicity in the murder of Henry IV. The character of the heroine, in whom the interest of the tragedy chiefly centres, is well conceived. Leonora Concini is a compound of Italian subtlety and French *sang-froid*. Her ardent Southern temperament asserts itself even in the chilling atmosphere of a Court, and with all the finesse of a Court favourite she is still an impulsive woman. She is elevated out of her surroundings by her devotion to her children and her unworthy husband. The drama shows but moderate constructive ability. It has more movement than plot. We are introduced to a Court split into two rival factions—the party of the Duke of Luynes, who has the young King's ears, and the party of the Concini, who rule the Queen-mother. The *Maréchale* orders the arrest of the Prince of Condé; she is herself arrested, and condemned to the stake for dealing in sorcery. But we have hardly more than a suggestion of the incidents conducting to the main crisis. Marie de Medici and the young King appear by proxy only, and the political machinations by which the throne was envired are but faintly traced. The interest of the piece is suddenly diverted from the central channel, into what may be called a side channel, by the introduction of an episode relating to an old love affair of Leonora Concini. A certain Corsican whom she had loved, but with whom she had broken faith, follows her to Paris, intent on revenge. But his revenge takes a form more in fashion among the polished nation he was visiting than among his rude native mountains. He gains access to the Court, and makes love to his old flame. Concini, in turn, makes love to the pretty Corsican bride whom his rival brings with him to the French capital. The gentlemen carry on this game of mutual retaliation for some time without meeting, but finally encounter each other in a single combat of the deadliest kind. Even then Concini does not fall by the hand of Borgia, who, except for the vigour of his final onslaught, strikes us as being a very tame specimen of his countrymen—as un-Corsican, in short, as M. de Vigny's Chatterton is un-English. The sole connexion which this episode has with the main purpose of the tragedy consists in the fact that Borgia is in possession of a letter compromising the Concini in the assassination of the late King. To make the poetical justice more complete, Concini dies on the exact spot where Ravallac stabbed his royal victim; and his wife, the *Maréchale*, passes the same place on the way to her doom.

*Quitte pour la peur* is a little one-act comedy which deals with a question in ethics which does not strike us as being particularly piquant. Has a husband who is himself unfaithful the right to denounce his wife's infidelity? The answer which is conveyed in this dramatic trifle seems to be this—that as long as the wife avoids an open scandal, her husband has no right to expose her. We are not prepared to subscribe to this new view of the equality of the sexes; but, in justice to the author, it should be added that the scene of his drama is purposely laid in a very corrupt state of society. The doctrine which it inculcates is probably not intended to apply equally to the purer morals of the present day. A husband who should tell a delinquent wife that he had saved her in saving appearances would hardly be regarded now-a-days as an object of sympathy. The two adaptations from Shakspeare with which this volume concludes, as well as the interesting letter with which they are prefaced, evince a genuine perception—very rare in a Frenchman—not only of the beauties, but of the greatness, of Shakspeare. It was the fashion with the French critics of the eighteenth century to represent him as an author who owed his popularity to the gems of exquisite poetry scattered through his works. Voltaire says of him:—

Il avait un génie plein de force et de fécondité, de naturel et de sublime, sans la moindre étincelle de bon goût, et sans la moindre connaissance des règles. Le mérite de cet auteur a perdu le théâtre Anglais. Il y a des morceaux si grands et si terribles répandus dans ses farces monstrueuses qu'on appelle tragédies, que ses pièces ont toujours été jouées avec un grand succès.

And he expresses the opinion that Addison is the first Englishman who wrote a "rational" tragedy. M. de Vigny's criticism is in a very different strain. He speaks of Shakspeare as having soared to the highest point that modern tragedy can reach; and he shows that it was just that absence of artificial rules and restraints which enabled him to give his genius full play. These translations of *Othello* and the *Merchant of Venice* do not pretend to be literal. We could wish they were more so. M. de Vigny appears almost morbidly afraid of sacrificing the meaning of a passage to the desire to adhere to the letter. He might have kept closer to the language of the original, without becoming less intelligible. The faults are rather those of omission than of commission, and for this the metre is no doubt to a great extent responsible, the smooth flowing Alexandrine being a very inadequate vehicle for the expression of poetry so pregnant and condensed as Shakspeare's. Take, for instance, the paraphrase of Othello's famous soliloquy in the 5th Act:—

C'est la cause, ô mon âme, et vous la connaissez,  
La cause qui m'amène au meurtre! c'est assez!  
Étoiles qu'on adore en votre chaste empire,  
La cause sous vos yeux, je n'oserais la dire. . .  
Je ne verserai pas son sang, et mon dessein  
Ne me conduira pas à déchirer ce sein  
Si beau que l'on croit voir à la lampe bleuâtre  
Sur un tombeau de marbre une image d'albâtre.  
Cependant il faut bien qu'elle meure, il le faut,  
Car elle trahirait d'autres hommes bientôt.  
Éteignons ce flambeau, puis éteignons sa vie.  
Si la flamme une fois par ma main t'est ravie.

J'ai pour la ranimer le temps du repentir,  
Lampe ardente! mais toi qui vas t'anéantir,  
Ouvrage le plus beau qu'ait formé la nature,  
Où retrouver encore, divine créature,  
Ce feu qui te donna la vie, et qu'autrefois  
Dieu pour chacun de nous n'alluma qu'une fois?

This passage reads like a gloss upon the original, and perhaps this was unavoidable, considering that it was to be addressed to a French audience. But, while some amount of amplification may have been necessary, it seems, on the other hand, almost a caprice to omit phrases so translatable as "that whiter skin of hers than snow," and "Promethean heat." M. de Vigny tries hard to impart to his verse something of the Shakspearian rhythm, but without much effect. In England, as he observes, we have three octaves to run over—prose, rhyme, and blank verse. In French such a combination would be inadmissible. All that he can attempt to do is to make the Alexandrine verse serve the purpose both of recitative and song, now dropping to the familiar and conversational, now rising to the highest point of lyrical grandeur. The difficulty of translating Shakspeare into French is not merely that of the versification. The real problem is how to satisfy the demands of French taste without denuding him of his inspiration. A Shakspeare pruned and trimmed down to the level of French sympathies ceases to be Shakspeare. What Voltaire said of the poetical genius of England is emphatically true of her greatest poet:—"Il ressemble à un arbre touffu planté par la nature, jetant au hasard mille rameaux, et croissant inégalement avec force. Il meurt si vous voulez forcer sa nature et le tailler en arbre des jardins de Marli."

#### THE MYSORE REVERSION.\*

PAMPHLETS and occasional works on special Indian questions are perplexing and unsatisfactory, for, in default of local knowledge, it is impossible to judge whether the facts are fully and fairly stated; and a plausible case suggests the suspicion that there is probably a plausible answer. Major Evans Bell is by no means an ordinary pamphleteer, though he possesses a full share of the intolerance and bitter feeling which generally characterize Indian controversy. English settlers and traders invariably complain of the natives, and vituperate the Civil Service, which fully returns their feeling of dislike. The friends of proselytism and Government education denounce the old traditions of the Company, and all parties habitually agree in censuring the domestic and foreign policy of the Governor-General and his Council. Major Bell is comprehensive in his antipathies. He dislikes the non-official Europeans; he sneers at the Civil Service; he objects to the whole system of Indian diplomacy; and he regards the subsidized schools as expensive toys, which may become dangerous if they are used for purposes of religious innovation. His views, however, are supported with unusual ability, and they are in themselves large and liberal. His immediate object, of preventing the resumption of the sovereignty of Mysore, is connected with a general theory that India ought to be principally administered by indigenous agency, and that the native States should be regarded as the best securities for the maintenance of the Imperial power. It has been the great merit of the Civil Service to have steadily resisted the monstrous assumption that India ought to be governed for the benefit of the English residents; but the official class has relied on its own energy and vigilance, and it has perhaps been unconsciously influenced by professional jealousy in its distrust of native functionaries. The policy of the Company and its servants was generally upright and benevolent, but it was in a certain sense democratic. The protection of the people sometimes appeared to require the depression of the chiefs, and even when the nobles found their privileges respected, they were excluded from participation in the exercise of local authority. The attempted confiscation of the rights of the Talookdars of Oude after the mutiny was the most extreme experiment of levelling philanthropy. It is now generally admitted that Lord Canning was wrong, and that Lord Ellenborough and Lord Stanley appreciated more accurately the social condition of the people of Oude and the interests of the Supreme Government. It was inexpedient and practically unjust to question the title of an existing aristocracy, though it might have acquired its powers by modern usurpation. Having been overruled by his official superiors, Lord Canning heartily adopted the new policy, not only in the definitive organization of Oude, but in the establishment of the relations of his Government with the native States. The permanent settlement of Bengal by Lord Cornwallis was almost the only previous attempt to naturalize or perpetuate feudal institutions in India. For half a century the system which is at present favoured, both by popular opinion and by the Government, had been condemned by a great preponderance of authority. The new aristocratic doctrine is recommended by its origin, as it is undoubtedly the result of experience. A foreign conqueror ought to take society as he finds it, and to govern by instruments created to his hands. Yet it would be premature to boast of success which has yet to be attained, or to condemn the well-meant efforts of the Company to look exclusively to the welfare of the population.

Major Bell is a vigorous advocate of the recognition and maintenance of native dignities and privileges; and the substance of his complaint in the matter of the Mysore Reversion is, that it was avowedly treated by Lord Canning as an exceptional case.

\* *The Mysore Reversion.* By Major Evans Bell.

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Major Bell's argument would have been more forcible if he had explained the alleged reasons for an admitted exception. As Sir John Lawrence has sustained Lord Canning's decision, it seems probable that there is another side to the question of Mysore. Few political, and no Indian, controversialists understand the advantage of perfect candour, or, in pleading phrase, of confession and avoidance. It is possible that Major Bell may really have done justice to Lord Canning, but on the face of his narrative there is no sufficient explanation of the arguments or pretexts for annexing Mysore. Other reasons for suspending a definite judgment may also be imputed to the injudicious reserve of the author. If Indian disputants would preface their statements with an explanation of their special motives and their personal opportunities, they would greatly facilitate the formation of a correct estimate of their assertions and opinions. Major Bell is evidently actuated by public and patriotic motives, but it is impossible to appreciate the value of his authority while it is uncertain whether he writes as a witness, an advocate, or a judge. His object, however, will perhaps be attained if he can attract the attention of Parliament and the country to the transaction which he discusses; and he may claim the merit of having stated his case with force and clearness, while he has at the same time contributed to the solution of some of the most important problems of Indian policy.

Lord Dalhousie's system of annexation has been formally, and perhaps finally, abandoned. The mutiny proved the error of attempting to hold an extended empire without an increased European force. It had been alleged that, as the frontiers advanced, it was only necessary to move the army forward, and that the possibility of external aggression became less with each successive destruction of an independent Power. The explosion of internal disaffection has effectually dissipated the delusion, and 80,000 English soldiers maintained in India in time of peace create a heavy drain on the military resources of England. The general fidelity of the native princes during the rebellion has furnished an equally forcible reason for a fundamental change of policy. As Major Bell forcibly argues, the protected potentates were on the side of the Government, while the pretenders cast in their fortunes with the mutineers. The King of Delhi, retaining a merely titular sovereignty, may perhaps be regarded as holding an intermediate position between a pretender and a prince. The most effectual instrument of annexation was the refusal to recognise the Hindoo right of adoption. As royal families died out, the English Government seemed likely by degrees to inherit all the remaining thrones of India by a supposed title of Imperial sovereignty. It was generally assumed that the change of government would offer unmixed advantage to the subjects of the native States, and the fanciful substitution of adoption for descent, though it was common to the Hindoos with the ancient Romans, was slow in recommending itself to the ordinary English understanding. Major Bell, who is fond of quoting historical precedents, affirms, with sweeping generality, that "no Imperial or Federal head in Asia or in Europe, since the world began, has ever continued for any lengthened period to retain its commanding influence by common and peaceable consent when it has ceased to respect and protect the integrity of the possessions, and the privileges and dignity, of the minor constituent States." It would be more accurate to state that every great Imperial Power has grown up by the confiscation, under various pretexts, of neighbouring and subordinate sovereignties. Vassal kings were in the habit of bequeathing their possessions to the Roman Republic, and in modern times the Kingdom of France has been constituted by the violent exercise of the feudal supremacy which was asserted, and sometimes usurped, over provincial rulers. As Michelet says, the king was residuary legatee of all his vassals. Normandy, Provence, Gascony, and Brittany successively fell in to the Crown, much after the fashion of Sattara, of Dhar, of Oude, and perhaps of Mysore. The German Emperors were not less vigilant in asserting their reversionary claims, although the changes of the sovereign dynasty rendered their efforts comparatively nugatory; yet the Archduchy of Austria, which is the nucleus of the Hapsburg monarchy, was a confiscated Imperial fief.

The Rajah of Mysore is descended from the ancient Hindoo princes of the country, who, having been reduced to the state of titular sovereigns by Hyder Ali, were finally dethroned by Tipoo. After the capture of Seringapatam and the suppression of the Mussulman dynasty in 1799, Lord Wellesley considered that his ally the Nizam, who was entitled to one half of all conquered territory, would be dangerously aggrandized by the acquisition of half of Mysore. To avoid the necessity of an equal partition, Lord Wellesley awarded a large part of Mysore to the infant prince, who now bears in advanced life the title of Rajah. By the treaty which was executed in the Rajah's name, the Company reserved a right of political superintendence, and of occasional interference; and the question of future succession was passed over in silence. Fifteen or sixteen years afterwards, the young Rajah assumed the government of his dominions, and in 1830 his misconduct had produced the natural consequences of general discontent and partial insurrection. Lord William Bentinck, under the treaty, assumed the management of Mysore, and the Rajah has ever since occupied the position of a powerless and pensioned dignitary. The material condition of the country has been greatly improved under the able administration of General Cubbon, the English Commissioner, and at the death of the childless Rajah it is expected that Mysore will become a part of the dominions of the English Crown. Lord William Bentinck is said to have doubted whether he had not exceeded the powers derived

from the treaty. Lord Hardinge intimated an intention of reconsidering the Rajah's claims to restoration. Lord Dalhousie, as might have been expected, considered that the reversion of Mysore was already vested in the Imperial Government. Lord Canning excepted the Rajah from the right of adoption which was conceded to other Indian princes, and the present Governor-General has thus far shown no disposition to reverse the decision of his predecessors. A Minute written by Lord Dalhousie in 1856 seems open to the criticism which is freely applied by Major Bell. The Governor-General observes that the Rajah is now sixty-two, and that, for twenty generations past, none of his ancestors have attained the age of sixty. Having no child of his own, the Rajah has resolved to abstain from adoption, and he has often said, "No, I have no male child of my own; I will not adopt; I will be the last Rajah of Mysore." Lord Wellesley's treaty having included no provision for heirs or successors, Lord Dalhousie expresses a confident hope that, on the Rajah's death, "the territory of Mysore, which will then have lapsed to the British Government, will be resumed, and that the good work, which has been so well begun, will be completed." As Major Bell observes, the value of the Rajah's supposed declaration depends on the distinction between *will* and *shall*, and the difference between the expression of a purpose and the utterance of a prophecy seems to be as little known to the people of Mysore as to the Irish or the Scotch. The Rajah might not improbably say, after thirty years of suspension from Royal functions, "I shall be the last Rajah of Mysore"; and he might add, "I will not adopt a son, as I have no inheritance to leave him." The resumption of Mysore is a pregnant phrase, and the right which it implies is at least uncertain. The title of the Rajah is derived absolutely from Lord Wellesley's treaty, as the hereditary sovereignty had ceased from the accession of Tipoo; but it is not a matter of course that a voluntary grant can be resumed, nor can it be supposed that Lord Wellesley, when he withheld from the Nizam dominions which would certainly have been heritable, intended only to create a life estate in favour of the Mysore Rajah. The principle of adoption in reigning Indian houses has been formally conceded by Lord Canning, in the name of the Queen; but, in the circular which was addressed to the native princes, the boon was restricted to those who actually governed their respective countries, and the Rajah of Mysore received no copy of the document. His subsequent request for admission to the benefit of the Imperial liberality is equivalent to a retraction, though not to a contradiction, of his supposed disclaimer of the purpose of adoption. Lord Canning's unfavourable reply seems to contain no sufficient answer to the arguments which are advanced by the Rajah, or rather in the Rajah's behalf. The same remonstrance is repeated in a more elaborate form in a *khureeta*, or royal letter, to Lord Elgin. Unfortunately, the paper bears on its face abundant proofs that it is wholly of English origin.

*Khureetas* must be remarkable compositions if they ordinarily abound in business-like references to Lord Wellesley's Despatches, the Duke of Wellington's Supplementary Despatches, Wilks's History of Mysore *passim*, Writings of Sir Arthur Cotton *passim*, and Insurrection Report. It may be doubted whether the Rajah knew that Lord Metcalfe governed Jamaica and Canada, as well as India; and it is tolerably certain that he has not spent the leisure of his later years in learning to write English in the style of a clever pamphlet or article. The arguments and the method of the *khureeta* are so exactly like those of Major Bell's volume as to suggest the suspicion of a common authorship. It is at least probable that Major Bell could have thrown some light on the character of an essay which he has expanded into several chapters of his book. If he has really acted as the organ and confidential adviser of the Rajah, his testimony may be true, but it requires careful watching and testing. As he certainly knows more of the Rajah's personal relations than he has stated in his work, it would have been judicious to explain the character in which he appears as his advocate. The obscurity is the more to be regretted, because the greater part of the volume is devoted to the general principles of Indian administration. Whatever may be the merits of the Mysore Rajah, there is much force in Major Bell's suggestion that it is easier to assure the fidelity of a native prince, and of half a dozen courtiers, than to administer his dominions and to conciliate the affections of his subjects. The greatest danger which has survived the mutiny arises from the discontent of the higher classes, who find their legitimate ambition dwarfed and stunted by English supremacy. According to Major Bell's opinion, dissatisfaction as well as corruption would be removed or mitigated by a liberal confidence displayed in the admission of natives to the higher offices. The native States already furnish a career to highborn or to able natives, even when the supreme political control is vested in an English Resident. Major Bell's recommendations are especially worthy of attention because he urges the elevation of the native princes and gentry on grounds, not of philanthropy, but of statesmanship. He is so far from objecting to the extension of English power, that he thinks the Queen might with advantage assume by proclamation Imperial sovereignty over all the States of India. It is not, as he says, to conquest, or to revolution, that he objects; but to fragmentary usurpations, and to encroachments suggested by opportunity. His opinions, though they appear to be independently formed, accord with the prevailing tendencies of English policy in India, and his arguments may possibly induce the Government to reopen the exceptional case of Mysore.

## GNOSTIC REMAINS.\*

GNOSTICISM is one of the vaguest terms in all history. Many readers connect little with the word, except the remembrance of long strings of *Æons*, and of the introduction, in the strangest connexions and in the midst of the most extravagant nonsense, of sacred and familiar names mixed with the most uncouthly barbaric ones. Recent investigation has taught us that there is a meaning to be found in what long passed for nothing but the extreme of repulsive and blasphemous gibberish; that under the general word are included things of the most opposite origin and nature; and that the whole subject is full of great interest, and is of great importance in relation to the history of the Church. But it is a subject in which there is still a great deal of obscurity, and any writer who could make it more intelligible would be doing good service. Mr. King, by the title of his book, seemed to promise an attempt of the kind.

Mr. King's book consists of two portions, very unequal in value. It contains a series of engravings—some of them spirited and excellent woodcuts, and all, however coarse in execution, more or less curious—of a large selection of gems and other stones, bearing emblems or inscriptions connected with what are supposed to be Gnostic ideas and practices. The drawings here engraved were made, for the most part, for a collection of considerable importance, now dispersed—the Praun collection, formed, Mr. King tells us, three centuries ago, and containing a large number of unpublished examples. This part of the book is interesting, as it gives the English reader an opportunity, which, except by examining museums or costly books of engravings, he would not otherwise have, of seeing and comparing a considerable number of strange and fantastic objects, the sole existing memorials of ancient superstitions which, in their day, pretended to compete with Christianity. Mr. King, we doubt not, understands gems; he has seen a great number, and has collected for himself; and it is always an advantage when a man who has a special taste for an out-of-the-way subject, which people in general do not care about, brings his knowledge to bear on the illustration of matters of general interest. Readers of ecclesiastical history are familiar with the strange word *Abrahas*, connected with the doctrines of the Gnostic teacher *Basilides* in the second century. In Mr. King's book they may see the representation of the symbolical effigy which went under this name, engraved on stones and gems with every variety of artistic skill. The sight of a large number of these strange objects—some cut with delicacy and finish, others with all degrees of rudeness—if it does not help much to explain what they were meant for, at any rate leaves quite a different impression of the once living reality of the system which produced them from what arises from seeing a single specimen in a cabinet or an engraving. Besides these *Abrahas* stones, Mr. King has given copious examples of other engraved gems which, in their devices or mystical inscriptions, record the influence of other religions of the early centuries. We have stones marked with emblems belonging to the worship of *Mithra* and *Serapis*; effigies of the jackal-headed *Anubis* and *Harpocrates* on his lotus, inscribed sometimes with heathen, sometimes with Jewish, sometimes with Gnostic names; amulets and talismans against sickness or misfortune, with the sacred serpent *Knapis*, lion-headed and crowned with rays, the *Agathodæmon*; monstrous compound faces and figures, mummies, cynocephali, and snail shells with birds or elephants crawling out of them; astrological figures and charms; and a few Christian devices. The number and variety of these gems brought together by Mr. King, either religious memorials and tokens, or charms of which the virtue resided in the stone, or the engraving, or both, is very great; and it is convenient to have such a collection at hand to refer to, especially as it is to be presumed that we may rely on Mr. King's experience and knowledge in pronouncing with an antiquary's judgment about the authenticity of the objects, and on his care in faithfully transcribing and rendering what is engraved on them.

We are sorry that what we have to say in praise of Mr. King's work must stop here. A book of this kind, to be useful, requires not merely copiousness, but order and discrimination. Mr. King pours out his collection of strange relics upon us pell-mell, unsorted and unclassified. He speaks in his title-page of the "Gnostics and their Remains." But a great number of the figures engraved cannot, by any stretch of conjecture, be called Gnostic, unless the term Gnostic is made to embrace all the superstitions, religious and astrological, of the early centuries. Amulets in which *Mars* is declared to have "cut down" a liver complaint; a device enshrouding, if it does enshroud, the love-spell, "*subdue Laura Macaria*"; a talisman with a Gorgon's head "*protecting Rhoromandares*"; "*sigils*" and stones marked with emblems referring simply to a belief in "fortune," or the constellation, or to the worship of *Mithra* or *Isis*, have no place among Gnostic remains, except so far as they are made to illustrate them. Of course it would be ungracious to complain of Mr. King for giving us more than he promised, and the specimens themselves are curious enough. What we do complain of is that the separate classes are not kept distinct. In the plates there is no attempt at arrangement. There is no attempt to distribute the figures which may be supposed to belong to different forms of Gnosticism. There

is no attempt even to bring together under our eye those which are certainly or probably Gnostic, apart from those which are doubtful or which are certainly not Gnostic, and which are introduced for the subordinate purpose of comparison and illustration. As Mr. King's book is not a mere catalogue, but a work professing method, this is a great fault, and practically it is a very inconvenient one.

But, besides the engravings, Mr. King gives us what is meant, we suppose, for an account, according to the most recent investigations, of Gnosticism. He criticizes contemptuously the earlier notions, which represented it all as the mere invention of crazy and blasphemous heretics who had separated from the Church; and he is very severe on the ordinary ecclesiastical representations of it, both ancient and modern, which, he thinks, betray ignorance, narrowness of mind, and sour polemical spite. And he reminds us that there can now be little doubt that the Gnostic systems of which we read contained in them elements of religious thought and speculation derived from the East, and that, for the understanding of their real nature and meaning, they ought to be intelligently compared, not merely with the *Zendavesta* and the *Kabala*, but with Buddhism and even the Brahminical systems. Mr. King intimates that, from "unfortunate circumstances," he has not been able to carry out fully the plan which he had formed of exhibiting the origin and affinities of Gnosticism. But he undertakes to indicate at least the chief outlines of the subject. His account, however, in spite of the manifest trouble which he has taken, and the considerable knowledge which he has on the subject, cannot be said to throw much additional light on a perplexed and dark matter. He speaks sometimes as if he thought that he had distributed and arranged his subject. A reader is perhaps a better judge of order and lucid connexion than a writer, and we are obliged to say that we can find little order in his work but what might be found in the articles of a commonplace book. As to any attempt to set before us the object to be investigated, to classify in the barest summary the different forms of what is called Gnosticism, to show what essentially characterized each form, and how, in each, foreign elements and affinities worked, there is nothing of the kind. After a somewhat loose account of "Gnosticism" generally, of the doctrines of the *Zendavesta*, the *Kabala*, and the *Talmud*, Mr. King comes to what promises to be the order of his remarks. He proposes to consider the subject of these Gnostic monuments under different heads, according to the special religions which produced them; and these he enumerates. "The series" is to "commence with the *Mithraic*, the most ancient in its origin," in which Jewish and Magian ideas are united. Then are to succeed "the *Abrahas* stones, properly so called," representing the theories of *Basilides*, which united Magian ideas with "a strong tincture of the old Egyptian theology." Then we are to come to the peculiarly Egyptian *Agathodæmon* talismans, with which are connected the *Ophites*; and, lastly, to the worship of *Serapis*, in which "the Brahminical religion, almost unaltered, is most evidently to be traced." It is obvious that this programme is but a meagre introduction to the whole subject of Gnosticism. But Mr. King does not even keep to his proposed order. He starts off at once, not about *Mithra*, but about "Indian sources of Gnostic ideas," and the well-known stories about *Manes*; from thence we get to Buddhism, then to the *Ophites*, then to *Abrahas*, the *Æons*, the procession of the *Logos*, the Egyptian deities and their symbols; and it is not till a great deal has been said about all these subjects that we come back to the point from which we were to set off—the worship of *Mithra*. A work written in this fashion is not adapted to leave clear notions of its subject in the reader's mind.

Mr. King has got hold of an important idea, when he talks "of the seeds of the Gnosis being originally of Indian growth, and being carried westward by the Buddhist movement"; but he has neither the knowledge nor the power for investigations of any value into its real grounds and limitation. A chapter of the much-abused *Epiphanius* himself is as lucid and intelligible as Mr. King's parallel between the different systems of Emanation, or his exposition of the theology of the *Ophites*, or of the *Kabala*. What we want, if it is to be had, is the explanation of the riddle; and he tells us over again, what we can find in any book on Church history, the riddle itself. A writer like *Neander*, whatever may come of his speculations, gives at least a connected and intelligible view of what was in these strange thinkers' minds; but it would be hard to extract anything of the sort from Mr. King's descriptions. And Mr. King mistakes the readiness to see analogies, and the peremptoriness in asserting conclusions, which connoisseurs seem occasionally to contract, for the power of tracing and establishing the historical connexion of facts. One of his favourite assumptions is that the Jewish sect of the *Essenes* and certain priests of the *Ephesian Artemis*, who bore the name of *Essene* or *Ossene*, were really connected as branches of the same Indian stock:—

The priests of *Diana* at *Ephesus* were called *Essenes* or *Hessenes* from *Hassan*, pure, in virtue of the strict chastity they were sworn to observe during the twelvemonth they held that office. Such asceticism is entirely an Indian institution, and is developed fully in the sect flourishing under the same name around the *Dead Sea*, and springing from the same root as the mysterious religion at *Ephesus*.

The *Essenes* are one of his links between India and both Jews and Greeks; and he implies in several places that there was a relationship, proved by the identity of name, between the Jewish *Essenes*, "*Buddhist monks in every particular*," and the *Ephesian Essenes*, annually elected priests of *Diana*; "for the name," he more than once observes, settling at once a much disputed ques-

\* *The Gnostics and their Remains, Ancient and Medieval*. By C. W. King, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Author of "Ancient Gems." London: Bell & Daldy. 1864.

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tion, "comes of the Arabic Hassan, pure." Now, except the similarity of name, for which Mr. King lays down one more derivation in addition to the twenty enumerated by Mr. Ginsburg in his paper on the Essenes, there is absolutely nothing but Mr. King's guess to support this preposterous identification of a distinctly Greek priesthood and a distinctly Jewish sect; for it is absurd to build anything on the fact of the priests of Diana being bound for a year to chastity. But this is enough, in Mr. King's view, to establish a connexion between India and Ephesus, and to "explain readily" the promulgation of Buddhist tenets, derived from so remote a source as India, among the Greeks of the first and second centuries. Mr. King is one of those people who cannot see any difference, in point of substantial value, between an affinity based on real and well-ascertained probabilities, and one resting on the slender foundation of a coincidence of names, or on resemblances which are too likely to be fortuitous, or too common, to argue from.

When a writer informs us that "there is very good reason to believe that, as in the East, the worship of Serapis was at first combined with Christianity, and gradually merged into it, with an entire change of name, not substance," so, in the West, Mithraism was fused into it, we are led to look somewhat more closely into the methods of proof of such large and important assertions. It is an understatement to say that Mr. King is as loose in his evidence as he is startling in some of his propositions. He tells us that in the Cabalistic system "the different orders of the celestial hierarchy are signified by the name Abram, the numerical value of which is 243," and he adds, that "the original idea was apparently taken from the Hindoo figure of Brahma"; "in fact," he concludes, as if that clinched the matter, "the name Abram and Brahma are equivalent in numerical value." He tells us that, according to the Zendavesta, the prophet Sosioch shall regenerate the world; adding in a note, "hence the belief of the Jews that Elias shall first come and restore all things." Ordinary readers of the Bible have been accustomed to find the natural explanation of that belief in the last verses of Malachi. Manes, we are told, signified in the Babylonian tongue "the vessel," and he took the name "for the same reason, we may suppose, that the Schoolmen gave to St. Paul the epithet 'Vas electionis.'" Again, it seems odd that Mr. King, a scholar and a clergyman, should not have remembered that "vas electionis" is only the Vulgate for *σκήνω ἐκλογής*, which "epithet" was not given to St. Paul by schoolmen. We should like to see the proof that "Adonai, 'our Lord,' is converted by the Greeks to *Adonai*—it is not said which of them—into *Adonius* (sic), a synonym for Pluto"; that "Madonna" is the slightly changed modern form of "Mater-Domina," a title of Isis; and Mr. King might have taken the trouble to inform us to what language he was referring when he teaches us that "MOYU, mother," a title given by Plutarch to Isis, "is originally the same as our 'Mud,' and contains an evident allusion to the Earth out of which man was formed." As every one is not a Chaldee or a Coptic scholar, this elucidation ought not to have been withheld. But for a learned man, conversant with mediæval as well as ancient books and works, the oddest blunder is contained in a very peremptory note on an offhand and entirely unsupported identification of the Christian Eucharist with the "Mithraic sacraments." "The popular derivation," he observes, "of *Missa* from the concluding words of the service, 'Ite, *Missa* est,' is absurd in the extreme." Possibly it may be, though it has been weighed by careful and learned writers against other suggestions—among others, the one which Mr. King gives as if he had discovered it, though it is as old as Baronius, the Hebrew *Messah*, Hostia—and, on a review of the evidence, thought to be the most probable. But Mr. King has a conclusive refutation of it. "The Latin term *Missa* is a neuter noun; in itself a complete refutation of the vulgar derivation." What Mr. King's note does prove is, that he can never have opened a Latin missal in the course of his life, and that he is a man of remarkably bold statements.

#### ROBERT STEPHENSON.\*

ALL lives of great men are not equally readable, and it so happens that the career of the greatest English engineer in the grandest period of English engineering, as presented by his biographers, is by no means replete with interest. The attempt to write Robert Stephenson's Life has been twice made—first by Mr. Smiles, who has both the literary and engineering faculty required for such a task; and now in the work which we are about to review, which is the joint production of Mr. Jeaffreson and Mr. Pole, the former doing the biographical business, while the latter contributes some disjointed notices of the most remarkable of Robert Stephenson's works. The unfitness of the subject for effective biographical treatment, or the inability of the authors to grapple with it, whichever it may be, is curiously illustrated by both the Lives which have appeared. Mr. Smiles was writing a series of Lives of Engineers, and he could without impropriety combine the history of the son with the much more picturesque narrative of the sturdy and successful efforts of the Killingworth brakeman. Messrs. Jeaffreson and Pole, without having quite so good a plea, have also found it essential to weave into their volumes the story of George Stephenson, in order, we suspect, to

relieve the monotony of the life of his still more successful son. The reason assigned for this arrangement is somewhat different. Mr. Jeaffreson, in his preface (the joint authors, it should be said, write separate prefaces), thus apologises for extending his labours:—

The result of my enquiries was the discovery that many mistakes had been made in telling the story of the elder Stephenson's life, and that no life of the younger Stephenson would be complete that should neglect to give a complete account of the misapprehended passages in the life of the elder. The only course, therefore, open to me was to rewrite the life of George Stephenson so far as it affected Robert Stephenson's career, and to tell the whole truth of the son's life to the best of my ability.

The last-mentioned duty might perhaps have been taken for granted, and the addition of a vigorous sketch of old George Stephenson would have been welcomed without the excuse which is rather lamely pleaded for it; but Mr. Jeaffreson seems to have been haunted by the idea that he was committing some sort of treason to his immediate subject in placing by the side of it the more interesting, if not more important, life of the founder of the family. Perhaps it was the influence of this feeling that led him to reduce the two lives more to a level by giving the earlier story in a bald compressed form, which almost deprives it of the romance which Mr. Smiles had thrown around it. We do not, however, find anything very serious in the misapprehensions which Mr. Jeaffreson is so anxious to correct. He gives rather a larger share of the glory of their joint work to the son than was generally supposed to belong to him; but in substance the story of George Stephenson according to Jeaffreson is just the story of George Stephenson according to Smiles, with a good deal of the point rubbed off. It must be a difficult task to write a second life of a hero whose story has once been well told; and, as Mr. Jeaffreson decided not to leave George Stephenson out of his programme, perhaps he had no choice but to disillusionize his admirers, by way of contrast to the earlier biographer. Mr. Smiles has an account of the grandfather of Robert—"old Robert," the blind fireman—which is extremely lifelike and vivid, for which our present author substitutes the dry information that he was fond of spinning long stories, and was known as "Bob the story-teller." The narrative of George Stephenson's boyhood and growth is desiccated with equal success. His childish amusements in making clay engines and feeding pet birds and beasts are perhaps made too much of in the earlier accounts. At any rate Mr. Jeaffreson thinks so, and—after stating that George could neither read nor write up to the age of eighteen, that he showed no unusual intelligence, and that he was a good, sober, steady lad—sums up the rest of his child-life in the following slightly contemptuous passage:—

Like most pit-children, he used to grub about in the dirt, and, for his amusement, fashion models of steam-engines in clay. From his earliest years also he kept, as pets, pigeons, blackbirds, guinea-pigs, and rabbits—an almost universal trait amongst the colliery labourers of the Newcastle field.

Possibly Mr. Jeaffreson may have ascertained that modelling steam-engines is as common a pastime among colliery-children as hockey is elsewhere, but, until driven from the belief by very potent evidence, we would rather dwell on the picture which shows in the child some faint indication of the man. So we like the romantic tradition about the pair of shoes of his mistress better than Mr. Jeaffreson's tersely historical statement—"At this period also he acquired the art of shoe-cobbling." The whole of the narrative which relates to George Stephenson is compiled in the same fashion, and is chiefly remarkable for the conspicuous absence of all allusion to the special feats which marked out the young brakeman as a rising man, and led to the well-judged patronage of the neighbouring mine-owners. In reading Mr. Jeaffreson's account, one is filled with wonder that George Stephenson should not have lived and died a pitman, and though in a life of a distinguished son it is not fair to look for a complete history of his father, Mr. Jeaffreson would have done better to abandon his idea of re-writing the old man's life if his only object was to use it as a foil to the greatness of his son.

It may be, however, that the art of emptying out all interest from a romantic life comes by nature, and not by study, to Mr. Jeaffreson, for there is much in his account of the younger Stephenson which displays the same unconscious faculty. The childhood stories are collected as carefully as those of the father's life are rejected, but either the right sort of material was lacking, or they are indifferently selected. Some one told our inquiring author that, when a boy, Robert had eaten eggs and butter at the house of a relative, and said that "when he went home he'd teach his aunt Eleanor to eat eggs and butter." There is not much in this, and Mr. Jeaffreson does not improve it by dressing up the story with some rather vapid condiment of his own. After stating the fact of the egg and butter breakfast, he adds, "This luxurious fare, so unlike what he was accustomed to in his father's cottage, appeared to him in the light of a strange and important discovery, and it is still remembered how he gravely informed his aunt," &c.—then comes the saying we have already mentioned. The rest of the boyhood of the future engineer is chiefly made up of the observation, "Ah, he was a hempy lad," which seems to have struck Mr. Jeaffreson a good deal; and of one really characteristic story of George's theory of paternal education (a very good one, by the by), in letting the youngster have his own way and knock himself up at gleaming, until he was fairly tired into begging to be allowed to go back to school. *A propos* of Robert Stephenson's school and college education (for he went through one year's course at Edinburgh University), his biographer introduces the following singular observation:—

\* *The Life of Robert Stephenson.* By J. C. Jeaffreson and William Pole. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

"An erroneous impression exists that George Stephenson denied himself the indulgences appropriate to his condition in order that he might give his boy a superior education, and that in sending his son to school he showed his superiority to most of his fellow-workmen." Certainly, if eggs and butter were still unknown, and gleanings were a profitable waste of time, among the inmates of the cottage when the school days commenced, there seems little reason for disparaging the efforts which the unlettered father made to give his son a useful education.

If Mr. Jeaffreson is not very happy in the picture which he draws of the paternal cottage and the early youth of his hero, Robert Stephenson, he deserves credit for having accumulated more information about his subsequent career than had before been given to the public. Mr. Smiles made but a poor story of Robert's life, either because he did not care, or was not able, to gather the necessary materials. Mr. Jeaffreson has apparently been put in possession of abundant materials, but he too has failed to build them up into a biography worthy of the man whom he not unjustly delights to call the greatest engineer of the nineteenth century. Perhaps this was inevitable from the nature of the case. Of the two joint authors, one does not profess to know anything about engineering, and this fatal defect is not to be remedied by the interpolation of four or five chapters by an engineer who does not profess to know, or at any rate to say, anything about Robert Stephenson apart from his great engineering works. The product is necessarily one of the dullest lives that were ever written; and though it may be true that there was less romance about the career of the successful engineer of a hundred railways than in the struggles of the pioneers who preceded him, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that a biographer (not two half-biographers) fitted for the task would have failed, in this case, to find the golden thread which runs through the life of every man whose tale deserves to be told. The life of a man who is an engineer, and nothing but an engineer, is buried in the works which form his monument, and it is there that his biographer must seek it. The history of Robert Stephenson's mind while he was working out the great problems that occupied his life, is the only possible biography of such a man, and this Mr. Jeaffreson could not give for want of mastery over the subject. Even the abortive expedition to South America with which Robert Stephenson commenced his professional career, as engineer to the Colombian Mining Association, would probably have supplied some fruit to a reaper who knew how to pluck it. But though an ample correspondence has been at Mr. Jeaffreson's command, the sum of all that he has to say about these three years of his hero's life is, that the scheme was started without adequate information, that Robert Stephenson had much difficulty and showed much pluck in quelling the insubordination of the miners whom he took out, and that no good came of the venture, because the stupid directors in England would persist in sending out heavy machinery, which could not be carried over South American roads, and was consequently left to rust upon the quay where it was landed. This is literally all that Mr. Jeaffreson can find in three important years of the great engineer's life. Is it because there was nothing more to find, or is it not rather because the biographer had none of the special insight which his craft requires?

The same incapacity to deal with the essential element of Robert Stephenson's life may be traced in almost every chapter which the literary partner has contributed to the joint work. A good deal of effort is bestowed on the great controversy between the advocates of locomotives and stationary engines which was finally set at rest by the triumph of the "Rocket." Mr. Jeaffreson labours to magnify the share of the son in the joint work on which he and his father were engaged, and he does incidentally bring out one of the most striking points in Robert Stephenson's character by quoting the account which he gave to Mr. Smiles of the invention of the multitubular boiler, in which Robert was modest enough to give all the honour to his father and his friend Mr. Booth. No one will on this account be inclined to refuse to Robert Stephenson the credit for his part in the improvement of the locomotive, which may have been very considerable; but it is unfortunate that his biographer, in his endeavours to exalt the value of Robert's co-operation with his father, is unable to give any more definite account of the matter than such talk as this—"As he walked from the works to his lodgings, he racked his brains with thinking what ought to be done. At home he was despondent. He had so often felt triumph in the belief that he had discovered how to increase the heating surface of the boiler, and keep an ever glowing and fierce furnace in the fire-box," and so on. Surely it would have been better if the biographer had described with mechanical precision some one at least of these supposed, though abortive, discoveries, instead of spinning sentences about racking brains and despondent feelings, which look very much as if they were the pure production of the author's consciousness. In point of fact, however, the whole chapter does not contain one solitary suggestion or discovery emanating from the younger Stephenson, except a device for curing the leakage of the tubes, which had occurred to him before he received a letter from his father recommending the same plan. Again we must venture to doubt whether the defect is not due to the biographer rather than to the engineer; although it is probably true that the initiative was taken throughout by his more experienced father, aided by the fertile suggestions of his friend Mr. Booth, and that the sufficiently

arduous task of the younger engine-maker was to execute in a workmanlike manner the designs which his father had prepared.

It is not until we arrive at the eventful period when the London and Birmingham Railway was set on foot, that we get any glimpse into the powers that Robert Stephenson possessed. George and Robert Stephenson were the engineers employed to survey the line; and Robert did excellent service, not only in executing the survey, but in the mastery of his subject which enabled him to baffle even the cross-examination of Parliamentary counsel. A short extract from one of these passages of arms, which occurs at page 173, is almost the first scrap in the book that has any savour of life about it, and the text soon relapses into the same mixture of dry matter-of-fact and washy commentary which characterises the greater part of the work. From the Parliamentary struggle it was scarcely a relief to pass to the execution of so formidable and novel an undertaking; and it is probably in this, his first great independent work (for Robert alone was the executive engineer-in-chief), that the distinctive features of the engineer's genius might be most readily traced, if his biographer were gifted with the eye to detect them. Some great business-like qualities, it is true, are brought to the surface. The thoroughly methodical preparation of plans, sections, and specifications for the entire work was completed with an exactness which had never before been attempted on such a scale. The young engineer was clearly a man of business. Something, too, of his father's resolution soon came out in the face of difficulties. The Kilsby tunnel got drowned by a spring, which, in spite of the care taken in driving the trial shafts, was not discovered till after the contract was taken—a misfortune which ruined, and it is said killed, the contractor. The directors were in despair, and suggested calling in further advice; but Stephenson was no more daunted than his father had been at Chat Moss, and by dint of hard pumping fairly forced his way through the difficulty. These are all the glimpses of the man which we come upon in Mr. Jeaffreson's narrative of this period, but he can scarcely have brought to bank all the ore from a mine so prolific in works of genius.

Apart from his professional greatness, Robert Stephenson's life (as presented to us) is pleasant but not exciting. By all testimony one of the kindest, most modest, and considerate of men, it is no wonder that his social life should have left a thousand pleasant memories in the minds of his friends, though there is little in it of absorbing interest. His political views are not, perhaps, so surprising as Mr. Jeaffreson seems to think. We rather fancy that men who have risen through so many rounds of the ladder as the Stephensons, are apt to be Conservatives, and the absence of any serious devotion to politics may always crystallize such tendencies into the ultra-Toryism which Robert Stephenson professed. To say that he was one of the fifty-three famous cannon-balls is tantamount to saying that he had never given his mind to economical science in the same way in which he gave it to his constructive works. There was no old Toryism about the Britannia Bridge, though perhaps a tinge of it might be traced in the opposition to the fast style of engineering in the matter of curves and gradients of which, by the improvement of their own engines, the Stephensons had indirectly been the chief promoters, as well as the stoutest opponents.

But we have dwelt on Mr. Jeaffreson's share of the joint biography so long as scarcely to leave room to do justice to his colleague. That his chapters are written as an intelligent engineer might be expected to write them, and are infinitely more interesting than the other portions of the work, will be gratefully acknowledged by all who light upon these occasional oases; but they are simply descriptions of a few of Stephenson's works, not a history, nor even fragments of a history, of the man. The short preface of Mr. Pole truly states the difficulty—he might have said the impossibility—of the task imposed upon him. He thus plaintively confides his sorrows to the public ear:—

The task of describing some of the more important professional subjects which occupied the attention of Robert Stephenson has been confided to me. There was some difficulty in determining what subjects should be chosen, for many of his works were so mixed up with the current events of his life that they could scarcely be separated from the narrative of his biography. I determined finally to select the Atmospheric System of Railway Propulsion [with which Stephenson had nothing to do except to examine and condemn it], and the great Iron Railway Bridges erected by him.

This really reveals the whole secret. The only engineering works which Mr. Pole could deal with were those which he could sever from all biographical interest. The real essence of the subject—the series of "works mixed up with the current events of the great engineer's life"—is left unexplored by one of our authors as not being in his province, and by the other as not being within his capacity. Biography done in this piece-work fashion reminds one of the old plan of studying Chinese metaphysics by getting up "China" and "Metaphysics" in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, and combining the information. It will not do at all, and the sum is that the Life of Robert Stephenson remains to be written.

#### MR. BEECHER'S SERMONS.\*

RELIGIOUS books in general, and volumes of sermons in particular, must be allowed to lie beyond the pale of ordinary criticism. Aiming professedly at a range of thought apart from commonplace or mundane interests, appealing to motives and emotions other than simply intellectual or æsthetic, there would be

\* Sermons. By Henry Ward Beecher. London: J. Heaton. 1864.

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neither propriety nor good sense in referring such compositions to a strictly literary standard. But it is obvious that this exemption can only extend to those instances in which works of this kind remain faithful to the character under which they profess to come forth. It is idle, if not pernicious, when this plea of sanctity is sufficed to be urged on behalf of writings in which the element of religion is palpably held in subordination to another and an alien purpose—when, under the mask of a sacred title, or from the shelter of a consecrated position, an author dabbles with all the more zest and vivacity in topics of the most heterogeneous kind, making the language of devotion a screen for dealing out side-thrusts of personal or party egotism, or making the pulpit a mere stump for showing off the preacher's multifarious resources of inventiveness and wit. When the professed teacher of religion thinks fit thus to poach upon the functions of the political agitator or the popular humorist, he must be prepared to see his efforts to hoodwink or to entertain the public canvassed with little reference to that thin pretension to a sacred character with which their mere title might be taken to invest them. It is by no choice of the critic that publications of such a kind challenge comparison with the more secular-looking products of the press—with the squibs and gossip and pleasantries of the hour. The mere fact of having been uttered from a pulpit, and being headed by a text, cannot be held to raise discourses like those lately published in this country under the name of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher into that region in which respect for a high calling disarms the hand of the reviewer, and in which criticism is hushed in reverence for purity and singleness of motive. It was one of the sharpest thorns in the side of the late Lyman Beecher that his children should appear utterly wanting in the element of vital godliness. In that old worthy himself there was sufficient of the austerity of the early Puritan to blend in savoury union with the humour which seems indigenous in a New England divine. But in the generation following, we seem to get the imagination and the fun without the unction. The fountain is as exuberant and as free, but not half so sparkling, or so pungent to the taste. There was a caustic infusion in the older mixture that makes the new comic concoction seem rapid and flat by comparison. It appears impossible, across the Atlantic, to resist the instinctive tendency—which its apologists glory in as “democratic”—that drags down comedy and humour to the vulgar level of mere parody and burlesque. The twang made so familiar to our streets by the nigger melodists finds its echo in the pulpit of New York. Mr. Beecher is, indeed, so careful to prepare us to meet with plenty of wit and entertainment in the present series of his discourses, that we are disappointed to find the sum total of things ludicrous so thin and weak. In the sermon “On Pleasing Men” we are treated to an elaborate plea for letting off facetiousness and wit in the pulpit. Of all things we are told to look after “a clergyman whose face glows with health, and courage, and hope”—such, we presume, as that which the art of the photographer presents to us facing the title-page, with a complacent dimple upon one side of the smiling mouth, and a comic twinkle due to the elevation of one eyebrow half an inch above the other. He has a wholesome horror of those ministers “whose face is a perpetual interpretation of Watts’ hymn—

Hark, from the tomb a doleful sound!

“For what were wit and humour put into the human soul? Some think that as soon as one becomes a Christian these qualities are to be tucked out of the way.” Some think they are the “banners of sin, and the baits and temptations of the devil.” But on the contrary thinks Mr. Beecher. “When God put wit and humour into the human soul, he put them there to be to the soul what the candle is to the candlestick, or what the hearth is to the family.” They are, as it were, “a great fire-place, whose burning wood snaps and sends up sparks, and throws light into all parts of the room, and chases darkness out of the corner, and makes things that are homely beautiful, and imparts pleasure to all within the reach of its influence.” And if there is one place where wit and humour are especially fit to be employed, it is in the pulpit, and on Sunday. “He who in church and in the pulpit is earnestly and conscientiously labouring for the salvation of men, may use any faculty.” “One is as good as another under such circumstances”—and a deal better too, thinks Mr. Beecher, in the case of “wit and humour.” Yet “such is the heathenism of public opinion,” that where a man uses conscience or reason to illustrate truth, people think it is all right; but “where a man uses mirthfulness, that divinely created faculty which was to illustrate truth, and to make it acceptable, and to twine like vines about the sterner feelings of our nature, people think it is not right.”—

Especially where it is done in church on Sunday, everybody is shocked, and says, “What sacrifice! that man made his congregation laugh during religious service!” Men say, “Christ never laughed; he often cried, but he never laughed.” How do you know? Will you find the text in which it is declared that Christ never laughed? “Oh,” they say, “it is not declared that he did not, but it is not recorded that he did.” It is not recorded that he sneezed, or coughed; but I suppose he did both. The New Testament does not undertake to record everything that Christ did. John says of the most important things which Christ did, that if they were written, the world would not contain the books that they would fill. And to say that there never was an inspiration that brought smiles to the face of Christ, is to say that he was not divine. For, do you believe that God ever swept his hands across the chords of the soul without touching wit and humour? I do not believe it. I believe there is a sacred mission of beneficence, and purity, and pleasure, which mirthfulness is set apart to perform. And so far from men being at fault for using it, they are at fault for not educating it and using it discreetly. And it is much more in

accordance with Christian duty to use it aright than to hide it. There is many and many a man who thinks that he is a good man because he has taken this talent; and put it right in the middle of a napkin, and folded it up carefully, and refused to let it shine out. And when, having carried it thus through life, he goes to God, and says, “Here is the talent that you gave me, in a napkin,” God will say to him, “I gave you that talent to make you a happiness-maker; I gave it to you that as a light you might make it shine forth, and cheer your fellow-men; but you have hid it, and now you have brought the nasty thing to me!”—for a talent that is not used, rots and stinks. And there is not one of all the mental faculties that was not put in you for the using, that it might be saved from corruption. You are bound to use wit and humour; and if there is any better place and any better time for using them than in the service of God, and in the church, and on Sunday, I would like to know that place and that time.

It is a “new-fangled modern doctrine” that a preacher demeans himself by going down to such depths as this by way of bringing the light of the pulpit to bear upon the vulgar mass. This is, in Mr. Beecher’s opinion, as “if the sun should take counsel with itself and say, ‘Here am I, a splendid old sun; and I have got to take care of my light, everything depends on me, and it will not do for me to compromise myself, and go into that deep valley, into that dark cave, or into that obscure thicket. My business is to keep bright and take care of myself.’” A preacher who is “going to be a fixed-up hero”—a man “who is born of God, and that feels no shame, no impulse, no outputting” of this sort—“that man is low, that man is vulgarized.” It is curious to remark how constantly the writer’s mind seems to be haunted throughout by the dread of being considered vulgar, while nothing is more characteristic of a mind innately vulgar than the habit of perpetually harping upon “manners,” and deprecating the suspicion of vulgarity. How sensitive Mr. Beecher thus is on the score of minute points of deportment, will be seen from his hints on etiquette to the young men of his flock:—“Many persons say, ‘What is the use of salutations? When I meet a lady in the street, why should I raise my hat?’ And, by the by, young men, it is worth your while either to salute a lady, or not to. The habit of touching your hat is a vulgar habit. It is like, in letter-writing, using ‘gent.’ instead of ‘gentleman.’” It is important to show that the rules of breeding and the usages of good society are matters towards which Mr. Beecher is as “square up” as he is with the contents of the Bible, or with his favourite study of phrenology, which he has used all his life long “as that which solves the practical phenomena of life.” The learned professions, we are told, may do as they please, but “all through the reading part of our land it may be said that phrenology is so far diffused that it has become the philosophy of the common people.” Nor is it as regards philosophy alone that Mr. Beecher sees more hope for the future in the instincts of the common people than in the labours of “fixed-up people” like the philosophers and metaphysicians, with whom it has been “just about as much business as they needed for their whole lives.” The true mission of art also is “for the great common people.” It is for them to make “a revelation of art and all the elements of the beautiful, such as the Old World never saw,” with all its princes, priests, and potentates. “You need not go to old Rome and Athens to find the beautiful. When democratic beauty once is opened up, you will have an idea of beauty that will turn to shame aristocratic, monarchic, and monocratic beauty.” Of what sort the democratic oratory is to be we are doubtless to augur from the flights of rhetoric before us. We find, it is true, many passages in deprecation of the credit given to mere eloquence and learning and other intellectual gifts, as compared with the moral graces of humility and meekness, which “you cannot preach nor vocalize,” which are not “declamatory,” and of which there is “no forth-putting” in the Christian life. Yet, to adopt the preacher’s own sentiment applied to a different quality, “there is a great deal of humility that cackles.” “There are a great many virtues that are hen-like. They are virtues to be sure; but everybody in the neighbourhood has to know about them.” From the amount of cackling in the present instance, there is no mistaking the fact that Mr. Beecher has, in his own judgment at least, laid a very considerable egg, and is at no pains to conceal the notoriety which of right belongs to so distinguished a feat. Such is not his estimate of the pulpit performances of his brethren in general. A sermon of the ordinary type is nothing more than “a weak decoction of Bible.” A sermon is generally “a large tumbler of water, and the text is a lump of sugar. The lump of sugar diffused through a great quantity of fluid makes a sermon.” It is a piece of consummate good fortune for one congregation at least, in a land where so many have to put up with such poor diluted stuff, to have habitually served to them a mixture so incomparably stiffer and more strongly brewed than the ordinary article, if we may judge from the sample contained in the volume before us.

As the reputed oracle and prophet of the War Christians, we may expect to see Mr. Beecher lift up his testimony with respect to the existing crisis in American politics. There is a trifling confusion of logic in his way of applying the text of his sermon, “The Man with the Unclean Spirit,” to the case of the emancipation of the blacks. First, our indignation is aroused by the sordid selfishness of those who complain of the enforced loss of so much valuable, albeit contraband, stock. The “poor and unfriended African” is made to take the place of the unclean herd in the parable. There are those who “see nothing but the loss of swine in the restoration of man,” and who “stand by carping, and ridiculing, and saying, ‘You have got nigger-on-the-brain; you are carried away with this everlasting negrophilism.’” Again, by a dexterous inversion of the moral, we find the same “poor

Africans" typified by the unhappy man suffering under diabolical possession. To the preacher's eye there has been, "in his lifetime, and in the lifetime of nations, no event more full of good, more auspicious with hope for the future, more significant of the advance towards millennial glory, than the spectacle of four million men sitting at the feet of Liberty, clothed, and in their right minds." Mr. Beecher's zeal on behalf of his sable brother is too well known to require confirmation from the present collection of his discourses. He has perhaps for that reason weeded the volume of expressions and phrases of that truculent and blood-thirsty character with which the New York papers have been wont from time to time to favour us. He is content with urging on the policy of extermination unto the "bitter end," till the whole herd of swine "that yet remain between our lines and the Gulf are made to run violently down a steep place into the sea, and to be drowned." To raise the bondman of the South to the elevation of his sable brother of the North—who a short time back would not for his life have dared, if he dare now, to show his face within Mr. Beecher's fashionable church—it is a mere trifle with Christians of Mr. Beecher's stamp to reduce eight millions of free and educated whites to the alternative of slavery or extermination. He has, of course, no patience with those "sympathisers with swinehood" who prate about the subsidence of industry, the burden of debt, and the destruction of the Constitution:—

It is the breaking of the Constitution that they think of. An owl sits in a tree to see an eagle hatch its egg, and by and by, when the shell is cracked to let the young eagle out, the owl hoots, "Spoiling, spoiling, spoiling the shell!" What is the shell to the eagle that is inside of it? and what is the Constitution but the shell of the spirit of liberty? It was ordained for liberty; and when it is broken, that the eagle, liberty, may come forth, the owls hoot! They know the shell, but they do not know the eagle!

It will, no doubt, sorely distress the literary and philosophical classes amongst us to be told that, in Mr. Ward Beecher's opinion, "it cannot be disguised that in the present day the tendencies of advanced philosophy are not toward pantheism, but through pantheism to atheism," and that the "advanced sections of the philosophic and scientific world are sceptical." There is comfort, however, for the rest of mankind in the further conviction which Mr. Beecher gladly hugs to his breast, and in the calm front with which he challenges all the host of philosophers to snatch it from him:—"Is there anything in the projected discoveries of the philosophic school that will take away from us—I will not say that most precious truth—but I will say that most important truth, which asserts the weakness and wickedness of man?" For all that philosophy may say, man is weak; "but, more than this, he is wicked—repetitiously and wilfully so." With this consolatory impression of everybody's weakness as well as "repetitious" wickedness, Mr. Beecher is prepared to treat as specially weak and contemptible that particular form of wickedness which finds its vent in critical examination of Old Testament texts. "Cipher away about Moses, fools!" For "precisionists of the Bible," on the other hand, he has a great—"well I will not say abhorrence, because that is too strong; and I will not say contempt, because that is too cutting; there is no term to signify merriment or amusement in the form in which I desire to use it, but I never see a man that is a precisionist about doctrines and ordinances that I do not have a kind of spiritual mirthfulness excited in me. Here are men that have had their slates and have been ciphering all their lives, and that, if they were to live to the Millennium, would be ciphering still."

It need hardly be said that, with respect to "doctrines and ordinances," little is to be gained of Mr. Beecher's sentiments and teachings from the perusal of his discourses. There is throughout scarce a pennyworth of the bread of serious truth to all this low-comedy sack. The success of his ministry seems to him to be adequately tested by its power to excite this "kind of spiritual mirthfulness." That it may be attended by serious and sober persons is just possible, though its effect is intended to be the very reverse of that of making "those who came to laugh remain to pray." And that some benefit, in one way or another, may flow from it, may be left to be attested by the crowds that, we are told, hang upon the lips of the preacher. To quiet and earnest readers amongst ourselves the present volume will only bring thoughts of pity and disgust. It is sad to see much real talent and extensive powers of influence wasted in the effort to draw attention by triumphs of mere buffoonery and bad taste. It is sadder yet to think what must be the prospects of taste, intellect, and moral feeling—not to speak of graver interests still—where the largest and most fashionable congregations in the chief city of the empire are crowded round a pulpit to be regaled by flights of vulgar rhetoric like these.

#### TODLEBEN'S DEFENCE OF SEBASTOPOL.\*

(Third Notice.)

IT has been already hinted that, in his account of the battle of the Alma, Todleben has rather followed the French version than corroborated it as an independent witness at first-hand. It is clear that he was personally occupied at the moment, and for long afterwards, with his own special duties inside Sebastopol. The engineer charged with so vast a function as that of repelling the expected assault of a victorious enemy, at all points of so wide and so weakly defended a front, would certainly have small leisure and

less curiosity to inquire into the details of the battle which had suddenly brought that enemy close upon him. A little further on in his book, we find the record of the evidence of his own senses contradicting, on the point of time, his summary of the battle as copied from the French historians. He says that on the 20th of September the telegraph on Cape Loukoul signalized the advance of the enemy to those in the city towards two in the afternoon, and that the cannonade was heard to begin shortly afterwards. This agrees more nearly with Mr. Kinglake's horary of the day than with his own. The same remark applies, in a lesser degree, to all his descriptions of actions beyond the immediate front of Sebastopol. On the struggle between batteries and bastions, the hardships of the besieged, the subtlety and perseverance of their sorties and engineering, and the concerted plans of their counter-attacks, Todleben is an absolute authority; but on the positive facts of the *mémoires* of Balaklava, Little Inkerman, and Inkerman, he is no more infallible than any other witness who speaks merely at second-hand.

The siege of Sebastopol was compared at the time, by the great military historian, Sir William Napier, to the siege of Troy; the besieged town in each case being only half invested by the besieging army, whose communications rested on the sea. A more modern and more exact parallel might have been found in the French siege of Verua, in Piedmont, in 1704, thus pithily described in the *Mémoires* of the Duke of St. Simon:—

Jamais siège si follement entrepris, peu qui aient tant coûté de temps, d'hommes et d'argent. Le terrain était extrêmement mauvais même dans la belle saison, et on allait se trouver dans la mauvaïse; et tandis que la place était attaquée d'un côté, elle était soutenue de l'autre par un camp retranché de l'autre côté de l'eau, qui rafraîchissait la place tout à son aise de troupes et de tout, et qui inquiétait continuellement notre armée.

The Duke of Vendôme, however, took Verua in six months, as the allies took Sebastopol in twelve. The later enterprise was carried out on a scale which reduces its historical parallel of the eighteenth century to insignificance, as its calculable and actual results were infinitely greater; but the details of the difficulties attending, in each case, the departure from recognised military principles are curiously similar. When the position on the southernmost plateau of the Crimea had been once taken up, the allies were far more deeply committed to persevere in their gigantic enterprise than ever Louis XIV.'s general was to the reduction of Verua.

Todleben, writing with full knowledge of every weakness of the Russian defences at the time, censures without reserve the allied generals for not assaulting Sebastopol at once, after their success on the Alma, by its northern side. He tells us that the North Fort was commanded by the surrounding heights, while the left flank of the position was, as at the Alma, liable to be swept by the fire of the fleets; that the garrison, mainly composed of sailors, did not exceed 11,000 men, who could never have resisted a general assault by the combined armies, and whose retreat to the south side would have been cut off when once the enemy's artillery had occupied the heights overlooking the harbour from the north and east. The situation was desperate, had Raglan and Canrobert been in the secrets of Mentschikoff; and it is said to have been with feelings of sheer astonishment that the Russian garrison, while in immediate expectation of an attack, found their enemy march round them in the direction of Mackenzie's Farm. Presuming, from the fact of the landing having taken place on the western coast, that the original scheme was to attack Sebastopol by the north, Todleben strongly demurs to the sufficiency of the reasons generally alleged (the want of a port, the partial nature of any success attainable from that side, and so forth) for the change of plan. He may be right in his judgment of the actual situation, though his estimate of the positive indefensibility of the northern side is opposed to the observations of our own engineers, made after the conclusion of the war. There are many degrees of tenability in positions which might equally be described as theoretically untenable; and a Russian officer should be the last to refuse to acknowledge that a fort may be in strictness commanded by the neighbouring heights, and yet capable of making a serious and obstinate resistance. But it is hardly fair to quote the choice of a landing to the north of Sebastopol as containing a cogent presumption of a definite original intention to attack the city from the northern side. The physical geography of the peninsula itself pointed to the west coast as affording to an invader from Europe the greatest facilities for throwing a large force safely on shore within a moderate distance of the object of the campaign. When the invader reached the doors of the strong man's house, other considerations might well enter into the discussion of the problem which was the easiest entrance to burst open. The allies might (it appears from Todleben) have stormed the North Fort, and from thence won in a week what cost them a year to obtain. But, with their absolute want of trustworthy information as to the Russian strength both within the fortress and without, they would have run the risk of committing themselves to an operation of indefinite difficulty, during which their ships might be blown off the coast, and a Russian army from the north might suddenly appear in their rear. Are we, or the Russians, the strongest? was the question to which, throughout the siege, the allies could only give a conjectural answer. To have commenced the struggle without the possession of a secure maritime base to fall back upon would have been a wanton surrender of the one element of enduring strength in which they knew themselves to be superior. Yet, even if prudence pointed to the necessity of first securing this, it appears possible

\* *Défense de Sébastopol.* Lieutenant-Général E. de Todleben. Tome I.



that on the north side, as later on the south, they showed a want of energy in not pushing their reconnaissances far enough forward to detect the weakness of the works opposed to them. The most resolute determination of the Russian garrison to hold the place to the last could not (if we are to believe Todleben) have saved the south side any more than the north, had the allies assaulted it immediately after crossing the Tschernaya. Admiral Korniloff—who had proposed a desperate duel with the allied fleets at sea, in which he was prepared to blow up ship by ship of his own squadron alongside of one of the enemy's—was then in supreme charge of the defence, and was ready to sacrifice to it himself and his soldiers as fearlessly as if he had hoped to win; but he looked for nothing but inevitable defeat after a short struggle. Every day and every night of respite from the impending assault granted by the indecision or caution of the invaders was eagerly used by Korniloff and his subordinate, Todleben, to render the conditions of that struggle less unequal, and to enable the devoted garrison to sell itself more dearly. Between the arrival of the allied armies on the southern plateau and the first bombardment on the 17th of October, the guns mounted along the line of the town's defences had been increased from 172 to 341, or almost doubled in number, while in power they were far more than doubled by the addition of pieces of a much heavier calibre than the original armament. Men, women, and children had worked night after night to develop and strengthen the earthwork of the ramparts, with an energy not to be discouraged by the difficulties arising from the shallowness of soil above the solid rock. This last difficulty must, indeed, have been felt equally by the allies in constructing the batteries and trenches of the attack; nor can it be denied that the batteries of the defence already established before the besiegers had broken ground, although they might have been too weak to resist a regular assault, gave the Russians a long start in the race of engineering, as soon as the allies had determined not to storm without previously bombarding the defences opposed to them. The siege-trains had to be unshipped at Balaklava and Kamiesch, and dragged up to the front, which was already under fire, while the platforms and parapets were growing over the solid rock to receive them.

At last, the allies felt themselves ready for the first trial of strength. Embrasures were pierced in both the English and French batteries in the night of the 16th of October. Late in the evening of that day, the fleets had laid down buoys in front of the harbour to mark their stations for the naval attack, and with the next morning the besiegers opened their fire. After three hours' bombardment, the Malakhoff tower, played upon by the English batteries on the Woronzoff hill (Gordon's and the Lancaster battery), was considerably damaged, while the third bastion (the Redan) had suffered still more severely from Chapman's batteries on the Green Hill. The English engineers had on both points established a decided superiority of converging fire over that which the Russians could bring to bear on them. Before the end of the day, the Redan was paralysed, and its strength reduced from twenty-two to three guns, with five gunners to work them. At the Malakhoff, Korniloff had received a mortal wound. The French batteries, on the other hand, were proved, by a short trial, to have been planned in contradiction to the rules of military art, and constructed with great want of solidity. Their fire was scattered over a long surface of the Russian wall, to the several bastions of which they offered in return a close and easy mark. Two of their powder-magazines were blown up between 9 and 10 A.M., and a four hours' contest sufficed to silence them altogether. The attack of the fleets in the afternoon produced no serious effect beyond a temporary damage to Fort Constantine. Yet here again, if Todleben is to be believed without reserve, the allies lost a great opportunity of certain success, by forbearing to utilize the success attained by the English artillery, and assault the Redan under cover of the smoke. The Redan, captured at that moment, would have taken the Malakhoff in reverse, and would have given them the whole of the Karabelnaia. Seized as this suburb was from the town by the Dockyard Creek, the Russians could not concentrate to hold it more than 8,000 men, who would have fought under a disadvantage of position from the very first, if the columns of assault had once stormed the Redan before this force, withdrawn and scattered into some shelter from the bombarding fire, could have been brought together in sufficient strength to oppose them. But the besiegers did not know how to use their advantage, and the next day the work was all to be done again. The night of the 17th sufficed to remount, in the Redan and the Malakhoff, batteries of stronger calibre than those which the English fire had mastered on the previous day, while the French batteries were silenced for thirty-six hours, and only opened their mouths again on the 19th, to be again overpowered by the bastions opposed to them. It was not till about the eighth day of the bombardment that the French, who by that time had pushed forward their trenches to within a short distance of the fourth bastion (Flagstaff battery), obtained, by their rifles as much as by their artillery, a perceptible advantage.

Meantime the army under Mentchikoff had been reinforced to such an extent that, after strengthening largely the garrison of the besieged town, he was able to threaten and seriously attack the rear of the besiegers. The "unskilful disposition" of his forces made by the English Commander-in-Chief, in occupying a vast entrenched camp out of all proportion to the troops he could spare to defend it, added (says Todleben) to the chances of success. Since the 14th of October the village of Tchorgoun on

the Tschernaya, and the valley of Baidar, had been occupied by a Russian corps of observation, which by the 25th had grown into Liprandi's force of seventeen infantry battalions, and twenty squadrons of cavalry—together an army 16,000 strong. Liprandi was ordered to seize the village of Kamara, and storm the five redoubts which Lord Raglan had erected, and garrisoned with Turkish troops, on the heights separating the valley of Balaklava from the Tschernaya valley. A separate detachment, 4,500 strong, under Jabokritzsky, covered Liprandi's right flank. By half-past seven on the morning of the 25th, Kamara was surprised; the Turks were driven, after an obstinate but short resistance, out of the most easterly redoubt, and the three next in order were abandoned in a panic. Eleven guns were taken. While Jabokritzsky occupied the Fedoukhine heights to support Liprandi's right in the position he had gained, Liprandi's cavalry and horse artillery advanced down the slope towards Kadikioi, with the hope of destroying the English park of artillery. It is well known how they were received by the 93rd Highlanders and by Scarlett's heavy brigade. We learn for the first time, from Todleben's account, that in spite of the Highlanders' fire they penetrated to the park of artillery, which they found in the middle of the camp, entrenched with ditches, "an unexpected obstacle in front of which they were obliged to retire." The capture of the line of the redoubts was the only advantage gained by the Russians before noon; but it was an important one, as it gave Liprandi the power of threatening Balaklava by day or night from a strong position not two miles distant. Todleben describes with an almost ironical simplicity the brilliant but misconceived charge of Lord Cardigan's brigade against the Russian army in position:—"Le champ de bataille était jonché de cadavres d'hommes et de chevaux." The entire losses of the day are stated by him as nearly equal on both sides; 627 Russians killed, wounded, and missing, against 598 on the part of the allies, of whom 300 were English. Notwithstanding Todleben's assertion that Balaklava might have fallen into the Russian hands that day if Liprandi's corps had been a little more strongly reinforced—"avait reçu quelques renforts"—we may be allowed to treat this as an open question. His later reconnaissances proved to Liprandi that it was only by the almost impossible feat of bringing up heavy siege guns to the heights east of Balaklava that any serious injury could be inflicted on the troops encamped near it or the shipping. Although the English Commander-in-Chief may have shown want of skill in entrusting to the Turks alone the outer line of defence, which required to be held obstinately until supports should arrive, we can hardly believe that he would have failed equally in his calculations that the inner line would be held to the last by the Highlanders and the marine batteries under Colin Campbell. The theoretically "unskilful disposition" of the English general was the almost necessary consequence of his having undertaken so gigantic an undertaking with the means at his command. Unfortunately the temper of the Turkish, or rather the Tunisian, soldiery was not equal to the trial. The poor Tunisians paid heavily for the consequences of their panic by the contempt and neglect with which they were treated during the rest of the siege.

(To be continued.)

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.**—The FIRST CONCERT of the Seventh Season will take place on Monday Evening next, January 16, 1865. Programme: Part I.—Quartet in E flat, Op. 10, No. 74, for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Beethoven.—M. C. Lindberg, Stran. L. Bies, H. Webb, and Pagan. Song for Christmas Eve, Adolphe Adam.—Mr. Benwick: Song, "Vedrai Carino," Mozart.—Miss Louise Fyne: Fantasia in C minor, for Piano-forte alone, dedicated to his Wife by Mozart.—Herr Fauter. Part II.—Sonata in E flat, Op. 12, No. 3, for Piano-forte and Violin, Beethoven.—M. C. Lindberg and Stran. Song, "The Nightingale," Henry Smart.—Mr. Benwick: Song, "La Biondina in Gondolotto," Fauter.—Miss Louise Fyne: Quartet in B minor, Op. 2, for Piano-forte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, Mendelssohn.—M. C. Lindberg, Stran. H. Webb, and Pagan. Conductor, Mr. Benwick. To commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Seats 5s. 1s. 6d. only. 3s. 1s. Admission, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Cramer & Co.'s, Regent Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 45 Chesapeake; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

**SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.**—The ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES by the Members is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East. Nine till Dark.—Admission, 1s. GEORGE A. FRIPP, Secretary.

**ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarle Street, W., January 14, 1865.**

Professor TYNDALL will commence a Course of Twelve Lectures on ELECTRICITY, on Tuesday next, at Three o'clock, to be continued on Tuesdays and Thursdays till February 28. Professor MARSHALL will commence a Course of Twelve Lectures on the NERVOUS SYSTEM IN MAN AND ANIMALS, on Saturday next, at Three o'clock, to be continued on Saturdays till April 4.

Subscriptions to either of these Courses, One Guinea; to all the Courses in the Season, Two Guineas.

The FRIDAY EVENING MEETINGS will commence on Friday next, at Eight o'clock. Professor TYNDALL will give a Discourse on COMBUSTION by INVISIBLE RAYS, beginning at Nine o'clock.

To the Friday Evening Meetings Members and their Friends only are admitted. H. BENGE JONES, Hon. Sec.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.**—The Head-Master, T. HEWITT KEY, M.A., F.R.S., has made Arrangements for taking a few RESIDENT PUPILS at his House, 21 Westbourne Square.—The School Reopens Tuesday, January 17.

**WINCHESTER COLLEGE ELECTION.**—FREDERICK MORSEHEAD, M.A., Fellow and late Tutor of New College, Oxford, having been appointed Head-Master of the Beaumaris Grammar School, is prepared to take a limited number of PUPILS specially for the Winchester College Election. The School, from its situation on the Sea-side, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Welsh Mountains, has always been remarkably healthy. For Terms, &c., apply to the HEAD-MASTER, at the School, Beaumaris.

**KILBURN COLLEGE, Mortimer Road, Kilburn, London, N.W.** Principal, Mr. OSBORNE (M.A.), University of London, formerly Instructor of H.B.H. the College of Wales, has made Arrangements for taking a few RESIDENT PUPILS in this Establishment. PUPILS receive a first-class Education.—Classical, Mathematical, and General; and are prepared for Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Public Schools. Every attention is paid to health and comfort. The situation is elevated; the School-rooms, Dining-rooms, Lavatories, and Dormitories lofty and spacious. The Master Term commences January 18.—Prospectus on application to the Principal.

**KENSINGTON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, 39 Kensington Square, W.**  
*Head Master*—FREDERICK NASH, Esq., late Principal of the Wellington High School, assisted by E. V. WILLIAMS, Esq., B.A. Oxon.; W. HUGHES, Esq., F.R.S., King's College, London; MRS. E. SAFOUR, M.A., Paris, and others.  
 Tuition Fees—in the Classical Division, 12 guineas per annum; in the English Division (French included), 9 guineas; in the Preparatory, 6 guineas.  
 Prospectuses on application.

**CLARENDON HOUSE COLLEGIATE AND COMMERCIAL SCHOOL, Kensington Road, S.**—The FIRST TERM of the Current Year will commence Monday, January 16.—A Prospectus forwarded upon application.

**TAUNTON COLLEGE SCHOOL.**—*Head-Master*, Rev. W. TUCWELL, M.A., late Fellow of New College, and *Head-Master* of New College School, Oxford. Vacancies for *BOARDERS* in the School House. The School will reopen on January 17.—Address, the *HEAD-MASTER*.

**THE HERMITAGE, Richmond, S.W.**—An Oxford Graduate, assisted by eminently qualified Teachers, carefully and rapidly prepares a small number of *GENTLEMEN'S SONS* for the Universities, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Civil Service. The Junior Department has a few Vacancies.

**ASPLEY SCHOOL, Beds.** conducted by Dr. LOVELL.—*PUPILS* are prepared for the Public Schools, the Army and Navy Examinations, the Military Colleges, and the Universities. French and German are taught by Resident Masters. The Premises, built specially for the School, are very extensive and commodious, and the Village is remarkable for salubrity of Climate; it lies about a Mile from Wolston Sands Station.—All further particulars can be had from the *PRINCIPAL*, Aspley School, Beds.—The Term begins on January 25.

**THE CLAPHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL, London**, is designed for preparing *PUPILS* for the Universities, the Indian Civil Service, the Military College, Woolwich, and Sandhurst, and Direct Commissions, also for General Education. *Head-Master*, Rev. ALFRED WHIGLEY, M.A., M.D., &c. of St. John's College, Cambridge. Professor of Mathematics and Classics in the late Royal Indian College, Addiscombe. *Vice-Principal*, Rev. W. B. CHURCH, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. There is a Laboratory at the School, and Lectures by the *Head-Master* are given regularly on the Experimental and Natural Sciences. The School will reopen on January 31.—For the Prospectus, apply to the *HEAD-MASTER*, Clapham, S.

**FRANCE.—ST. GERMAIN-en-LAYE SCHOOL.**—*Patron*, Lord BROTHAM.—This School is carrying out on a limited scale the system of International Education expounded in the Report addressed to the Secretary of the European Association for Promoting the Study of Modern Languages, by the *Head-Master*, Professor BAKER, and published in the "Constitutionnel" of August 13, 1864. The object of the project is twofold. First—to afford the means of acquiring a complete practical knowledge of Living Languages. Second—to combine the study of them with some Classical Studies and with special preparation for the Examinations which in the Four principal Countries of Europe give admission to the different Professions. The School receives but Thirty Resident Pupils, boys under fourteen years in the first, pupils above that age in the second division.—For Prospectus apply, by letter, pre-paid, to the *HEAD-MASTER*, 69 Rue de Poissy, St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris; or in London, at Mr. Maurice's Office, 14 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

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**CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—A COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION** of Candidates will be held by the Civil Service Commissioners in June 1865. The Competition will be open to all Natural-born Subjects of Her Majesty who, on the 1st of May next, shall be over Seventeen and under Twenty-Two Years of Age, and of good Health and Character.

**CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—EXAMINATION of JUNE 1865.** Copies of the Regulations (which differ in important respects from those issued in previous years) may be had on application to The SECRETARY, Civil Service Commission, London, S.W.

**CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.**—Not fewer than 40 Candidates will be SELECTED at the next Examination, which will begin on June 1. COPIES of the REGULATIONS may be obtained on application to the SECRETARY, Civil Service Commission, Dean's Yard, London, S.W.

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A List of the Committee will be published in the "Cambridge Independent," and "Chronicle" on the Degree Day.

Subscriptions may be paid to the account of the Cambridge Union Society's Building Fund, at Messrs. MORTIMER'S, 10 or 11 Messrs. SMITH, PAYNE, & CO., London.

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Full particulars and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Secretary, Office, 73 Chesapeake, E.C., Jan. 7, 1865. EDWARD WEAVER, Secretary.

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